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HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF WIFE

BOOKS BY MARGERY WILSON

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF WIFE

HOW TO LIVE BEYOND YOUR MEANS

THE WOMAN YOU WANT TO BE

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

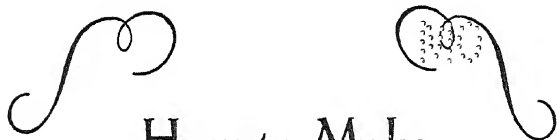
THE NEW ETIQUETTE

YOUR PERSONALITY AND GOD

CHARM

MARGERY WILSON.

NEW YORK



How to Make  
the Most of  
Wife



J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

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MARGERIE WILSON

PRINTED IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FIRST EDITION

DEDICATED

*to every man with wife trouble*





## PLEASE READ THIS FIRST!

I AM A GREAT ADMIRER OF MEN. I think they are wonderful creatures. I would have no interest in living in a world without them. With one or two outstanding exceptions they have made my life a splendid experience, given me practically all the worthwhile things I have known.

In the pages of this book, when at times husbands seem to be under fire, it is because, in their own interests, and for their own profit, I want them to see where they ignore, or toss away tremendous advantages in dealing with women. Having been both happily and unhappily married, I know both sides of the matter. My own father was a wonderful husband. He and my mother were married for over fifty years. Most of my friends are happily married people.

Statistics of divorces, pyorrhea, pink toothbrush, dandruff and wool soap are all misleading. In times of mass dislocation of population as in these recent years there is bound to be all manner of upheaval. There are thousands, perhaps millions of wonderful husbands whose own fathers—and perhaps mothers—have educated them in the best ways to handle a wife. But there are also thousands, perhaps millions of men who are in plain hell because of their ineptness with the female of the species. Tripping over their virtues, in many cases, men stumble into the mistakes that cost them so bitterly. If I make them mad in pointing out the places where they leave wisdom and embrace folly, I ask them please to forgive me.

As a mother says to the child she spans, "I'm doing this for your good," please believe me when I say that so far am I from being a man-hater I can honestly say I'm crazy about you.

I want to see you get more out of your wonderful qualities and loyalties and sacrifices for your families and thus, more out of wife.

MARGERY WILSON.

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## HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF WIFE



# 1

## A WIFE AS AN INVESTMENT

*(Love usually shows a profit)*

"HANGING AND WIVING GO BY DESTINY," wrote Shakespeare. If true at all that is because the average man takes so little interest in getting himself married, that one day he finds himself enmeshed with a woman with almost no understanding of how it all happened. Destiny then, is either a brunette, a blonde or a redhead.

But no matter how he gets into the married state, he may as well find a way to hammer down flatly the spikes within his emotional—and financial—jail so that he will find a greater degree of comfort therein. If a man is going to live in any kind of confinement, he might as well set about making it attractive.

He can either break jail, hammer his head against the bars, or put his fist under his chin and think his way through. This latter way has brought excellent results ever since Neolithic man got a headache using his freshly discovered brain. When to his surprise and amazement he found he could trade a necklace of tiger teeth that he didn't want anyway, to a voluptuous giggling female for two big furry hides to keep him warm come winter, he has had an ingrowing contempt for feminine thinking gear.

There must be something wrong with a mind, he reasons, that will trade warmth for ornaments. (Interpolation: Twenty-five thousand years have not changed the situation.)

And indeed he is right if the matter stops there. But the male mind is too ready to jump at conclusions and to add up

the totals before all the items are listed. To pursue the subject further— Oh, come on—we come upon a question. *Why will a woman trade momentary comfort for ornament?* Because with the ornaments she can get herself a man to feed her, to fight for her, to make love to her; and when she gets him she gets the hides back too. Inferior mentality, huh?

So what to do? Why, marry her of course, and let that feminine conniving benefit him too.

Now actually, that in itself is a poor reason for marrying, but counted in with the other very good ones it adds up to a profit for love—which is very nice and it may be said very generous of life and nature to fix it that way since the facts being what they are, he's likely to get married anyway. Such talk as this is intended to please and comfort rather than to convert or convince. Matrimony is here to stay.

Marrying continues on its own momentum regardless of the reams that are written and the rivers of words that flow along the subject. No use telling a man that to take a wife is to take a yoke and a burden he can never put down. He will nod wisely while he is looking at you, then slip around the corner and telephone that cute little thing he met last week to see what she's doing this evening. Ah, propinquity, thy other name is marriage!

Young men marry while the older ones talk, talk, talk. The youth will listen to the discontent of the middle-aged man and straightway decide firmly that his marriage will be otherwise. He concludes—and rightly—that Mr. Malcontent isn't or wasn't very bright about making his marriage a go. Taste, tact and a feeling for romance, he feels, are needed to make the honeymoon last forever—and how much of those three wonderful commodities does one find in the average man's attitude in his daily life? Very little. So of course Mr. Average lets his marriage get middle-aged along with his waistline. He may not realize when he dreams or plots escape that he



wants to get away from himself and his implied failure as a husband and lover. Had he been a success in the role would his wife ever have subsided into so boring and phlegmatic a creature! His wife is, he senses, a mirrored reflection of himself. Had he been more exciting, she would have kept on her toes.

It's a strange fact that men will carefully look after their material possessions, like cleaning their guns, pipes and shining up fishing tackle. They will carefully bring tennis nets in out of the weather. They take their cars to the garage to have the oil changed, lubricated properly and tuned up—but the poor old marriage wheezes along on carbon cylinders, accumulated there since the long walk down the aisle, two or twenty years ago. They match up neckties and socks and handkerchiefs with great care and artistry—and then, erratic creatures, they will leave their largest investment to the winds of chance, the rains of indifference. Value and worth that were once so great, become worthless—and worse, a burden and a drag.

One couldn't treat an old overcoat with the same casual indifference that many men treat their marriage and have the thing anywhere near satisfactory. Let's look at it from the standpoint of dollars and sense.

The average man has invested in his wife the original cost of courtship, which is usually a tidy sum. Then, there's the engagement ring and other expensive gifts and gadgets. Whatever other opportunities he might have had were pushed aside while he poured all his interest and emotion into those few weeks, months or years. You see, we invest in what we have chosen, not only the direct payment of ourselves and our substance, but we also invest our unknown possibilities, in the roads we could have, might have, but did not travel. This time, money, emotion and opportunity will never come back.

A man invests his income in his marriage. His home is paid for by his labors as a rule. He invests time, money and emotion in his children. They represent to the community a subtle valuation of himself. His home, be it one room or a palace, is a kind of spiritual equivalent of him rather than a mere structure of wood, stone, mortar, furniture and a mortgage.

And, at the risk of making the ladies mad, it must be said that seldom does a man get the return he should have from his marriage. And at the risk of making men mad, it must be said that it is his own fault, as a rule.

A man plods in his little treadmill like a willing animal for two, ten or twenty years. His willingness to do so is a tribute to his character and is also his wife's greatest advantage. But I must resist the temptation to elaborate on the woman's side of the matter and continue to address myself to the men.

Well, anyway, sir, you've got her and she's got you, and the situation has got both of you.

*Now comes the great proposition of this book—how would you like to take what you've got and turn it into what you want? Make an asset out of a liability?*

You can, honestly you can! Why, the little woman is putty in your hands, wax, to be molded to your desire if you go at it the right way. And the right way is in your hands right now, in the pages of this book. Some of it's funny, some of it's sad, but all of it is gospel truth, and guaranteed to bring results. Your marriage license cost you two dollars and maybe it got you into hot water. This book cost you around two dollars, and it will fish you out of said hot water and smooth your path until you'll wonder if you haven't wandered into somebody else's house instead of your own. Ah, were you thinking of that, too? Why not stay at home and become a Pygmalion?

A wife is like a piano. If you know how, you can play wonderful melodies; but proceed in ignorance and the discord will drive both you and the neighbors crazy. Except that learning your wife is much easier and quicker than learning the piano.

The wisest man about women, in conversation at least, that I ever knew was the driver of the last stagecoach which used to carry mail in these United States and that, boys and girls, was on the mountain run between Red Lodge and Bear Creek, Montana. So surprised was I while traveling in the West to find such a thing as a stagecoach still running, that I begged to ride up with the driver.

It was the wildest ride I ever had—aviation was tame after that. But the man's salty wit and wisdom was a slow accompaniment to the careening turns. He was schooled in illiteracy and vast experience. He had written two speeches in his life—one called "The Cow" and the other "Women." I asked him how he came to choose his topics and he replied that it was the mystery of both that bowled him over, that truly you could never tell what a cow or woman was going to do.

In the restaurant where the coach stopped for its occupants to have lunch, I noticed a bit of his practical technique with women. The waitresses were all sturdy, wide, middle-aged women, but Wild Bill got what he wanted by calling his ministering angel "Little girl." At first she was indignant, but finally she went wriggling off in a skirt of plaid. Ah, but let's get on—we have serious work to do.

So, shall we concentrate on the meager spots, the pinching points? Shall we sigh and moan and become "misunderstood husbands," those most ludicrous of all life's tragicomic buffoons? (They don't even fool chorus girls.) Or shall we decide that, being superior males, we shall take the material available in our hands and with our own clever alchemy turn the thing into what we want? This is truly the alternative

open to superior man created in the image and likeness of God. I'm not being facetious when I pour out these seemingly fatuous descriptions. It is not sarcasm. Any man who has turned his remarkable brain on his wife and his marriage and his home will find results as responsive as those produced by concentration on his golf game, his saxophone playing or his ability to get rid of callers in his office. Just a little technique is all that is required.

I should think it would be great fun for a godlike male to find how much result he can get with his wife for just a soupçon of attention. Why should he put up with anything but the best? Why should he admit that he can't shape his home life? I pause with the idea of eliminating that last sentence, because all too many men attempt to shape their homes with the bludgeon of heavy disapproval. More of this later.

Certainly it goes without saying that this shaping business is something to engage the feminine mind as well. The responsibility should not be all the man's. But in the event that justice doesn't seem to have settled like a pink cloud of perfection over your house, I maintain and can prove that you *can if you will* make it into what you want.

Why the average husband's mind balks at using a technique with his wife is beyond me. What is in the marriage ceremony to bar any such consideration, when he knows as well as he knows he's alive that he's not going to get anywhere with a strange woman, even one with the loosest of morals without making himself agreeable, without studying her reactions, without using an attractive line? Now the strange woman doesn't care if he's dead or alive, yet he will do what he knows he must do to get a pleasurable response out of her. But the wife of his bosom, whose interests lie parallel with his must yearn for romance, seek it at the movies, fancy she hears it in the quavering voice of some crooner—while her husband wastes his sweetness on the des-

ert air and lets his biggest investment in life gather dust and rust. It doesn't make sense, does it now?

But being a sensible man, you are going to see how very much more you can get out of your life, which means your wife. She's a good deal more of an asset than just a small tax exemption.

Certainly two cannot live as cheaply as one, if you're looking just at current expenses—that is, if luxuries must be had since they too must be doubled. However, I know many a man who never had a nickel until he took a wife, the thrifty kind, to stretch his income into some security for the future.

If a man is thrifty himself, a good wife can help him cut every corner. If he's energetic, the right wife can give a lot of aid in building his importance and substance. If he's lazy, a wife and the attendant responsibilities may keep him at a job until his genius has a chance to show itself—something that wouldn't have happened if he had stayed his single, irresponsible self.

Nine men out of ten have more property after ten years of marriage than they ever would have had if they had stayed single. It may not be money in the bank, but it is probably a good equity in a house, a future from life insurance or some kind of real estate, household furnishings even if bought on the installment plan.

There's hardly a living female who can't be turned into an asset if she has the right kind of encouragement. But if she sees your eye wander too often to the neighbor's wife who spends all of her husband's money on clothes, she may not feel she's been wise to make the old blue serge do another year.

But you can have a well-dressed wife, if you'll encourage her to make her own things—tell her she's capable, admire what she does. Secret No. 1. She'll work her fingers to the bone for your praise. Give it! Then when you go down the street together she not only is wearing something cleverly in

style and becoming, but also her face is radiant with the warmth that comes only from the appreciation in your lordly face. You must know how deadly dull it is to work for a boss who doesn't recognize what you do—or *encourage you to develop your abilities*—not only dull but dangerous!

If you're rich, and smart clothes are the order of the day, then recognize her particular talents and let her know you enjoy and appreciate them. She will bloom and radiate beauty of all kinds under your magic touch.

However dumb your wife may be, she is quick to pick up your estimate of her—and, strange as it may seem, she will reflect that estimate almost exactly as time goes on—IF she loves you (why don't you make her love you?). If she doesn't love you she will resist your uncomplimentary efforts to underestimate her intelligence.

Suppose she is a little slow on the uptake, you can speed up her reactions by encouraging her to express herself. Give her the necessary backing and you will be greatly surprised at the result. Suppose it takes two years to shape her into a vivacious, sure-of-herself, sparkling, capable woman who is an asset to you. The two years are going to pass anyway. It would take you about that length of time to get rid of her by the divorce route. Why not build instead for that length of time! It's much better for your blood pressure.

Love is the greatest paying proposition in the world. Invest yourself, your money, and all the time possible in love and you will find yourself a rich man.

Loving something or somebody makes you happy. When you are happy you can make someone else or lots of other people happy. When you make them happy they want to be around you, want what you have to sell. They will listen to your proposition, applaud your point of view. Isn't that logical?

Loving somebody and investing yourself largely in that person's happiness extends your own personality and powers

miraculously. A feisty young lawyer fell in love. It gave him an understanding of other people's point of view till he found himself settling most of his cases out of court. He became a master at arbitration. He was thus able to dispose of a larger number of cases. They took less time—and presto, in five years he was a rich man.

All the people I know who have decided to love and serve somebody, and to live on the principle of loving people are comfortably rich. It's amazing how substance of all kinds flows to them—sometimes, almost out of the blue. Now, I realize that to a hard-thinking man, the proposition of being too soft in the matter doesn't appear very practical. Well, too *anything* isn't good. Good judgment is needed in the field of loving as well as anywhere else. Indiscriminate loving is not only unwise, it is illegal. And brings the world most of its crime, and discord.

In fact when one sees how oddly a man will choose the woman he is supposed to love the rest of his life—one realizes that perhaps he isn't equipped to choose for his own best good. *Why* do some men marry the women they select? It's unanswerable!

Bless their hearts, the only saving point in the whole proposition is that, being a sovereign mentality, being given dominion over all the earth and all that's in it, a man has enough authority over the elements of his life to take even slight material and build it into a lovely life, a lovely wife, fun, love, position, riches if wanted, children—and the deep pleasure of holding grandchildren on his knee one day. What's a more paying proposition than that!

I don't believe that nature traps us and tricks us into a state of affairs where we are helpless. The God who would put us here with unanswerable questions, unsolvable problems wouldn't be a god at all. He would be a fiend. Fortunately life, emotions, reactions, even bodies are malleable and with careful manipulation will assume the shape more

nearly ideal for us. But, Mister, you have to work at your sculpture!

Women are simple souls, not at all complicated and difficult as some of them would like to appear. In dealing with them to get a better performance from them, one needs to know very few things—but one needs to know the few very, very well. You will find it profitable to sit down and study your wife for a few days. I realize that some of them move around so rapidly that you will have to adapt your study period to their pace, even if it's exhausting. In two weeks you should have taken sufficient notes to analyze her as a basis for getting more out of your particular gem of matrimony.

This study in itself may be so surprising and even entertaining that you may never give it up. Anyway you will find it an amusingly novel experience. Few men ever bend their splendid brains in the direction of their wives. If they had they might not have married. Both before and after marriage the males are likely to move almost entirely on instinct and impulse, which is exactly the way they summarize women. Women have let them go on thinking that, because it seems more profitable in the end for the males to believe that it is they who use their brains and the ladies who move on impulse and instinct.

Don't be alarmed. I'm not working around to that pseudocynicism which loves to prate that it is the woman who does the pursuing while the man is merely unwilling quarry. That is sheer piffle and balderdash. Men do most of the pursuing even though the ladies do give them a helping hand once in a while.

I've seen women use their wiles on a baker's dozen of men and only one of the men would rise to the bait (if men are so helpless why didn't the other twelve of them fall) and that was because he wanted to, because he saw the bait and liked it. He might even have been amused by it, but something



about it pleased him, and it was his own decision to take it. I have more respect for the genus male than to think of him as being pushed around, without his knowledge, by females. If and when he's pushed around he knows it and agrees to it for his own reasons. Of course, there are exceptions that prove every rule, but in a discussion of this kind we must confine ourselves to types and averages. We'll find ourselves somewhere among them.

### HERE ARE A FEW RECOGNIZABLE TYPES OF WIVES

1. The timid wife whose only motivation comes finally to be her master's voice. There are more of her than any other kind. They wear a number of disguises.
2. The domineering wife, who has to be awfully clever not to make herself AND her husband ridiculous.
3. The clinging vine, who consciously uses her feminine wiles as a means to an end. Sometimes, she makes her man; sometimes, she breaks him.
4. The working partner, pally wife. This class is so numerous that they fall into several groups. Often, they marry two or three times, because each time they find they've bitten off more than they can chew comfortably—running what amounts to two full-time jobs—and don't have to "take it." Three groups are:
  - a. She means to work only until the home is paid for and the children arrive; all of which she has scheduled with the calendar, both on paper and physically. She'll take all the romance out of love if you let her. More about her later. It must be admitted that all of us pass through a phase like this, but, thank God, few of us keep it up.
  - b. A valiant, good sport, who thinks of everything in fifty-fifty terms. This is fine, until her husband

wants the ego-soothing of being the more important one financially. Her husband is usually secretly in love with some useless female, who wants life on a ninety-ten basis in her favor, chiefly, because it's the only way he can feed his desire to be a lion with his lioness following him.

- c. The arty wife with a gift shop, a studio where she sculps, or a career on the edges of music. Or is it interior decoration that engages her attention as a vocation or an avocation? This wife can be fun, but she has to be handled with kid gloves. She is as full of tangents as the directions of a porcupine's quills. She needs a masterful man. But she goes berserk under cruel domination.
5. The professional aristocrat, who never lets her husband forget that, even though he be a blood cousin, her family is still, for mysterious reasons, much better than his. Now, no one seriously objects to the symbols and gestures and clubs of social or family distinction, if they can be taken as a matter of course, but this wife is so conscious of her forbears that she has no time to spend on being worthy of them herself.
6. The talented wife, who gave up a career, perhaps at the Metropolitan, for marriage—and neither he, the children, nor their friends are ever allowed to forget it. Sometimes her talent has a true status, but usually it hasn't.
7. Then there's the NORMAL WIFE, God bless her! Her name is legion. She's domestic, she's a product of good schools. She's good-looking, ingenious, knows how to make a dollar stretch. She's a good mother, a credit to the community and a tremendous help to her husband. If you have a Normal Wife now, congratulate yourself and set about keeping her happy, young and responsive. If your wife isn't in this class, we'll jolly soon put her there.

This one is a real woman, taking life as she finds it and

making a thing of beauty of it, and this she does whether she has little or much material to work with. Her ingenuity rivals Mr. Edison's. Her motives are unselfish and her only desire is the happiness of her family. She's good without being tiresome, busy without being temperamental and her laughter is kindly, humorous.

If you by any chance wistfully hope that she were more of a siren that, too, is up to you. You might make a brave beginning by telling her she's terrific. She might be so surprised she'd set about being terrific. And you would have all the fun of watching her wing out from a little grubby person into the grace and color of a woman who has found out that she is, well—terrific. Why not give yourself AND your wife that amusement and beguilement! You have the surprise of your life coming!

#### WHAT IS YOUR WIFE LIKE NOW?

Is she lazy?  
Is she faultfinding?  
Is she a flirt?  
Is she overemotional?  
Is she too easily hurt?  
Is she tactless?  
Does she talk too much of disagreeable things?  
Is she extravagant?  
Does she talk too much—too little?  
Is she disorderly?  
Does she exaggerate?  
Is she sexually indifferent?  
Is she awkward physically?  
Is she unpunctual?

YOU CAN CORRECT  
ALL THIS AND HAVE  
HEAVEN TOO

Of course you have too much sense to treat her as a kind

of personality cripple while you work on her. After all she's quite bright and would easily catch your estimate and develop an inferiority. The most profitable attitude for the purpose of this book is to regard your wife exactly as you regard your garden. You plant your seeds that you want to grow, and you nurture them. You don't go out and berate the garden, nor do you lay the blame for dissatisfactions anywhere but where it belongs—on your own doorstep. There was something you could have done about it, now wasn't there? The amusing fact that she may also be working on you is beside the point and need not be considered by you here. Anyway, you both want only the best and are seeking each other's best good. So, here we go! We're going to make the love you give show a profit.

INFALLIBLE!  
SMALL INVESTMENTS THAT YIELD A  
BIG RETURN

1. Call up your wife at noon or midafternoon, and say, "I just wanted to hear your voice," and don't add, "Did you send my blue suit to the cleaners?"

You'd be surprised what that nickel will buy you! And it will work even if she has read this!

2. Since you know beyond doubt that she's going to have a new hat and that you have to pay for it, what's the point in showing reluctance? Get in and pitch. Look at her admiringly tonight and say, "Mary, why don't you get a gay red hat? I saw one in Blank and Blank's window. Let me know how much it is."

Now really, you can't possibly think that your glum unresponsiveness about her shopping is going to blot the matter out—do you, now? You'll spend the same amount of money and get a lot more for it.

3. Walk WITH your wife down the street, in stores and public places. Do you really think you look attractive when you streak ahead in that "I'm too bored for words with this domestic necessity, but I had to come along to show this nit-wit what to buy" manner?

What do you expect onlookers to think of your wife—of you? Do you think they are going to deluge you with invitations, that they just can't wait to know such a delightful couple—the woman so interesting, the man so civilized? If you advertise how boring your wife is, how unworthy of your common politeness, just how does that improve your lot? Salespeople are inveterate gossips—but then who isn't?

4. Talk WITH your wife. Don't throw monosyllables over your shoulder so that she has to run alongside of you looking anxiously up to catch those pearls of wisdom you drop as you stride ahead. Such a meaningless female as you tell the world she is by this treatment is bound to be a millstone around your neck. Even if you have to recite the multiplication table with a pleased expression on your face, looking at your wife the while, the rest of the world will want to know that animated, interesting-looking couple.

No matter what a good provider you are, you are throwing good butter, sugar and beefsteak away to feed a woman as dull as many men make their wives appear. If you want to kill your wife, why don't you do it with a gun or knife—why this slow procedure that hurts you as much as it does her? Why not be smart and turn her into an asset? Be sure to read the chapter "You Can Put Her Across."

5. Bring her ONE flower occasionally—and tell her it looked so much like her (or reminded you of her beautiful character) that you couldn't resist bringing it to her. This is a real honey for effect. Now don't spoil it by shoving it at her as though you've done your bit now and expect to be let alone the rest of the day. Women, all of them, gather bits of

beauty to cherish and hold in their hearts. You're buying a lot of loyalty and richness for the future with a single rose. One doesn't have to dance constant attendance on romance—just feed it something nourishing every day or two—it lives on slight gestures as well as large.

6. Wild horses couldn't drag her from you if you'll just give her a small (never, never large) compliment in front of other people. Don't engage in that taut, uncomplimentary banter that no one finds amusing. It isn't funny, no matter if it is witty, to sting at the most irritating fault in one's partner. Such words have been known to cost a hundred dollars apiece—in lack of cooperation later—in lawyers' fees.

7. Do the unexpected and **BACK HER UP WHEN SHE'S WRONG**. This is the great bargain of all bargains. It is better than praise, for she knows she doesn't deserve it, and such loyalty touches her more deeply than mountains of earned commendation. But have a chair ready so she can use it when her knees buckle with astonishment. "My wife—right or wrong" is the big pay-off. If the neighbors hear you rallying to your wife's side they will have a greater respect for your family as a formidable unit.

Let the children hear you say, "Do as your mother says—her reasons are usually sound whether we can see it at the time or not." She'll probably faint, but the children will regard both you and your wife with a pride that will warm your heart and bind them to you. They may grumble at the time, but watch them grow closer to home. If you listen closely you'll hear them brag a little later about the way **THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER BACK EACH OTHER UP**.

8. If you don't like the way she looks at breakfast, why don't you, with your own precious time, buy her a housegown that you do like and tell her it sets off her own particular beauty or good points. If you don't trust your own taste or

judgment, take her with you to pick it out and don't let her get too practical about it. What you're after is a little glamour in the early morning scene—so stick to your guns. The impression that this procedure leaves is deep and lasting.

9. Make it worth while for your wife to please you. Appreciate it, and SAY SO when she does. If you make your home a happy place for your wife to be it will magically turn into a happy place for you to be. If your wife does not take the proper interest in your house, isn't it just barely possible that it isn't any pleasure or fun for there are no small or large pleasant returns for her.

Who would be uninterested in a pleasant proposition? You can't expect your wife to make a charming place for you, unless you make a charming place for her. Paying the bills and grumbling at the new cook's scrambled eggs doesn't constitute charm. Never mind saying that if she made it pleasant for you, you might make it pleasant for her. You are the subject of this particular book—and you can make your marriage a go.

10. Since there is nothing you can now do about your former and lost romances, be sure to establish the legend that your present wife is the true love of your life—the woman of all women to whom you'd rather be married. This one idea has changed many a hell into a heaven. Lordy! How easy it is to have a woman's loyalty. This point is like a great, big blotting paper that takes up discord and establishes a right of way to marital happiness. What matter if it isn't quite true. Talking and acting as though it were true can change that wife of yours into the wife you'd rather have than any other. Women are actually balls of wax that you can shape into the ideal if you bother to do it.

11. Be sure to bring the funny stories home to your wife. A marriage is a mere corpse of its possibilities when a man and a woman start feeling that they do not have to be cheer-

ful or amusing with each other. Judging by the glumness of some husband's faces as they approach the family rooftree, one might suppose they carry news of a loved one's demise. It is not illegal to smile and say "Hello" and find your wife to kiss her before you hang up your hat.

12. Apologize if you burp in her presence. Don't scratch like Fido finding fleas. Have a few reserves and keep a soupçon of glamour about your most august person. The facts of life are known, accepted, endured, but there's no point in flaunting them. There's a far distance between false modesty and some small, much-appreciated feeling of delicacy about your anatomy. Lots of well brought up people actually believe that a marriage license is a free ticket to the untamed conduct of the jungle. However, cheer up, the first law of wild animal training is "Be one thought ahead of the animal"—and that can mean the animal in you or anybody else.



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAY SOMETHING, MARY!"

It was a faculty reception at one of our larger universities for its venerable, aging Professor Emeritus of English. The professor was whispering his plea into his wife's ear.

She blanched, then rallied. With an inane smile she addressed herself to an expectant overdressed group of women who were looking their prettiest in a strained sort of way. "There're quite a lot of people here tonight, aren't there?" she got out after clearing her throat.

The professor turned his back to the others and rolled his eyes heavenward in despair. The professor was expecting a miracle. Nothing less would have put bright remarks into the mouth of his silent-by-long-years-of-practice wife.

After years of turning a vivacious girl into a scuttling, obedient basking-in-the-shadow-of-her-husband's-brilliance wife, he was trying to throw her gears into reverse, and he nearly stripped them—the gears, of course.

The great man loved his wife. He hadn't meant to put her under heel. It had all come about so subtly, so gradually that neither of them was really conscious of it. Oh, it had been some years since his wife lay awake staring up into the blackness wistfully remembering the young engineer who lived across the street who used to come over when he was at home on vacations and make her talk, and then laugh at her rather piquant wit.

The gentle, little bubbles of her sweet, fun-loving mind

had long ago stopped. After all, with a man so quick and bright as the professor, who seemed to enjoy the middle of the floor so much, she didn't need to contribute a thought. The few times she tried to, he had challenged her statements, and seemed to be trying to hide his amusement or ridicule of her timid effort. It seemed to be better all round not to have any ideas.

Now that the professor wanted a sparkling, adequate wife to share the honors of his lifetime of work he was bewildered by the spiritless little creature by his side. He glanced over at the wife of a noted professor of mathematics. She was holding a large group enthralled by a story of something that happened to them in Italy during a sabbatical year. She was so sure of herself. Her voice rang with confidence. Her husband's eyes held a companionable amusement.

She turned to him for some details of the story and he chimed in easily and naturally, then let her continue her story. The English professor winced inwardly, for he realized that he would have taken the story over and finished it instead of handing it back to his wife.

Suddenly he knew that he had been so fascinated by the sound of his own voice that he hadn't taken the time to notice whether Mary was growing as a personality or not. He was a kind man and he squirmed under his own indictment. Was it too late to do anything about it? Mary was fifty-two and he was sixty-five. He promised himself to do all he could.

His sensitive mind told him there was more than one kind of murder. He'd seen women kill their husbands' personalities and make them ridiculous. Perhaps such observations had made him unconsciously determined to have all the say in his house. Mentally he rallied to Mary's aid. He saw her watching the gay group across the room and he knew she was suffering over thinking she was disappointing him.

The room was suddenly invaded by a younger group who

swarmed around the piano. Nimble fingers seemed to pour out the melody and supporting harmonies of ballad after ballad, the lilt and lift gradually drawing everyone into the singing. Everyone was smiling, sentiment flowed. Mary had loved to sing when she was young. Something had been said about her studying for opera at the time she married him. She was standing now by the piano, self-consciousness forgotten in a flood of memories.

Her face shone with happiness. The years between had fallen away and she felt free of time itself. Her voice soaring out in warm release was full of passion and clarity. The professor stole behind her and laid his hand on the shoulder of the young genius at the keys while he whispered a request for "The Last Rose of Summer." As the opening cords were struck, he, still unseen by Mary, laid his finger on his lips. Only a few voices started with her and one by one they softly stopped, leaving Mary singing alone. Lost in the melody she sang it simply, lovingly, her own enchantment claiming the others.

When she finished there was long silence as though no one wanted to break the spell. Then the burst of warm, generous applause swelled to merry boisterousness as someone was coming toward Mary with a large basket of flowers taken from a table.

The professor reached over and squeezed her hand. He was proud of the way she refused to accept her own confusion at finding herself the center of attention. The pianist quickly started another song.

Later, at home, she tucked this happy experience back into her mind as something unrelated to her everyday life and started to slip into her negative role. "What kind of a drink shall I get you, John?" she said as a matter of course. She jumped as he whirled and took her by the shoulders, "Damn it, Mary, you mean what kind of a drink am I going to get

you! From now on this is going to be fifty-fifty and you have your say and your way at least half the time."

And so it came about that in the last years of his life the professor became a successful husband and felt before he finished that he had indeed conquered the entire world—and what was more important, had won over himself.

One of the greatest mysteries of life is that we never inquire very deeply into the truth of accepted statements and just keep on saying them century after century. It is commonly accepted as a truth that the little woman is the key to the family's social position. It is a palely lame truth only because most men leave the job to women. Actually men are so very much more effective at it when they take the social helm. Women do it as well as they can and no one questions their so-called leadership. But in truth, it is up to the man. The world accepts finally the man's estimate of his wife.

A husband certainly should know his wife better than anyone else does. So, if after living with her intimately he finds her dull, not attractive enough to merit his listening to her ideas, not important enough to talk to entertainingly in public—why should he then expect the neighbors to deluge her with invitations? Who wants to know one or two more dull people!

His manner of indifference tells them more powerfully than words that she isn't worth bothering with. Against this evidence, she may work her fingers to the bone at the church or the Red Cross and gain not a single friend. She could do better as a single woman than with an indifferent husband. At least she would be accepted at her face value. With her husband's evident boredom and neglect, not to say the appearance of contempt, it is uphill going. If she makes the grade she must be a kind of superwoman.

Many men of the world have digested the facts of how to put their wives across. Frenchmen are best at it, no doubt

because their mothers have trained them so thoroughly in the social and family arts.

Many famous men have been smart enough to "get more out of wife" by themselves turning a really dull wife who was actually a liability into a social asset by the simple expedient of putting her over. Easy!

A man facing the cold scrutiny of the world of affairs wants no dead drag. He must turn everything to account. Since it is really easy for him to make an asset of his wife, he decides to do so. Not for him the tedium of divorce.

A diplomat, for instance, would lose caste by any personal scandal. It is certainly no compliment to him to have a dull wife, for he picked her in the first place. He desperately needs an adequately attractive wife.

Just how does he go about putting his wife across? Well, closer to home than the necessities of diplomatic life is the story of a man whom I shall call Amos Bradley. Amos was an executive of a company with world-wide interests. His name, position and location are fictitious, but his story is significant. He lived in the Chicago area where he and his plump, dull wife went in the treadmill worn for them by their parents and where they were fixtures. They were accepted as one accepts clocks, the weather and the will of God. They would never have known they lacked anything if they hadn't moved, for business reasons, to a Southern mill town.

Removed from the ugliness of the mill and its surroundings they lived among the winding parked streets, with emerald lawns and beflowered walks up to handsome houses on half-acre lots, in a beautiful new section of town. All the dwellers in these houses came finally to have one aim—to be accepted by the town's old guard of aristocrats. This was something their money couldn't buy. It was also something they never talked about. But it was always in the back of

their minds, and they thought about it at night when they couldn't sleep.

Most of them were learning for the first time in their active, commercial lives that money couldn't buy a number of things: respect, affection, loyal service, friendship or membership in the shabby old Colonial Golf Club. Occasionally some of the old guard drove slowly through the new development to see what was new on the lawns of the intruders.

But the Bradleys' problems had not yet extended that far. They were not even yet acquainted with their nextdoor neighbors, and the neighbors seemed to be possessed of no urge to do anything about it.

Mrs. Bradley said, "We'll have to give them a chance to look us over and see what nice people we are. Then they'll take us up."

So they were very proper and did everything to make a good impression. But so far as the neighbors were concerned there was no impression good or bad. Their dignified and unsmiling entrances and exits were unnoticed. It was something like talking in a nightmare, knowing no one can hear you.

Mrs. Bradley was busy having room after room redecorated so quite a bit of time passed before she began to worry deeply about the lack of neighborliness. Presently a year was gone. It was another three months before Mr. Bradley came out with it.

"Jenny, what's the matter with us? Why haven't we made any friends down here," he finally said.

Mrs. Bradley was relieved to have the thing out in the open. She sighed. "I don't know."

"Have you done all the things the women down here are supposed to do?"

"Why, I thought so, I sew at the Ladies' Aid Society at the

church. I work at the Red Cross regularly. I go to that gymnasium and by the way I've lost eighteen pounds."

Mr. Bradley regarded her breadth and for the first time noticed that she had hips instead of the telltale straight down slide from under the arms

"So you have," he said without any particular enthusiasm. She sighed again.

"Aren't the women nice to you? Don't they talk to you?"

"Well, yes, they're polite. I chat with some of them at all these places, but when it's over they all look absent-minded and go off about their own business. Several times I've bought tickets to benefits and—well, you know how they just bow to us in public and go on past to talk to somebody else."

Tears welled in her eyes. "They don't seem interested in knowing us. I know we don't scintillate very much. But I did think that in a year and more I could have made a couple of friends."

She wiped her nose with her handkerchief, balled it in hand and then started pulling out the lace edge as one does before ironing. It gave her something to look at so that she didn't have to meet his eyes. "How do the men treat you?" she asked, more to break the silence than to hear the expected answer.

"They don't pay much attention to me. Almost every morning I sit by J. K. Alcott in the bus, but after a very short nod he opens his paper. I've never had a conversation with him."

"Oh, Amos, let's go back to Chicago. I'm dreadfully unhappy here. I'm getting such an awful inferiority complex. And it makes me mad, for I think we're lots nicer people than some of these dopes who don't seem to know we're alive."

"Jenny, of course we'll go back if you feel that way about it. But, I hate to go back licked. I don't think it's good for

either of us. I wish there was some way we could find out what is wrong."

Jenny burst out. "Oh, Amos, what is wrong with me? Even you don't pay any attention to me any more. You don't notice whether I'm dressed or not. I put on a dinner dress the other night and you didn't even see it. It's as though I had gradually died, yet I still walk around. I can't stand it."

"Jenny, this is serious. I'm almost a nervous wreck. And you're in quite a state yourself. I'm snapping at everybody at the office. I overheard Bates saying to my secretary, 'Why don't they send him back where he came from? We don't need a guy as smart as he thinks he is around here.' And all the while I don't think I'm smart. I'm beginning to think I'm very dumb. I just talk smart to keep them from finding out."

Jenny, desperate, pressed on, hardly knowing what words to use that would convey her sense of a husband's long neglect. As she thought back over the slowly passing time of the winter of their love, the days and weeks and months lay like shrivelled leaves, brown and lifeless, in a forgotten corner of a garden.

Then she went on. "Amos, tell the truth. You don't love me any more. Is there somebody else?"

"No."

"Then, why—?"

"I'm damned if I know. Maybe I'm getting old."

"You're only fifty-one—in perfect health."

"Oh, Jenny, I didn't mean to put you through so much with my neglect."

Jenny smiled slightly, "I don't mind. Honestly, it's the last thing in the world I want now. I'm not a bit interested in sex. I'm just curious about why. Sex has died for us, I guess. Begins to look like everything's died. Actually, some-



times when I go to bed at night, I wish I didn't have to wake up—ever.”

“And the other day I looked out of my office window down twenty stories to the ground and honestly, Jenny, it looked a good thing to do, to jump—so easy—twenty stories down; and then—nothing!”

Amos was shaking a little and the sweat showed on his lip. “Nothing—no more of this aching confusion—nothing. It looked too good, I tell you.”

“Amos, do you suppose if you could get away from me—get yourself a young wife and start again, do you think you could find peace? I don't even care any more. But there's no use both of us dying this way.”

“Anything different sounds good, Jenny. And I may take you up on that. But I'd like to track this thing down first. There must be reasons for things. I can't walk out on you—and feel myself a failure without finding out why. I want to try something first. I'd like to go to one of these analysts and find out where I got off the track. Maybe my mistake, if it can be found, will be a cue to yours.”

“And make us a laughing stock here. I should say not.”

“Oh, not here. I heard about a woman who goes down to Miami in the winter and helps people groom themselves for Palm Beach. She knows her social turns and also I hear she applies a lot of common sense to straightening people out inside. Chap I met on the train going to Indianapolis last fall was talking about her. I didn't pay any attention at the time. I thought he was a little screwy.”

“What's her name?”

“I don't remember, but I think I've got his card in a wallet I was carrying. I'll write him for it.”

“Isn't that a queer thing to do?”

“Well, maybe so. But when I've got a toothache I go to a dentist. We've got to face the fact that we're in a blank.

Can't do any harm to see if she knows what's wrong with us. She must have something. She's been in business for years."

"Don't you think it makes us seem sort of like mental cases?"

Amos laughed. "Maybe we are. Any way, I mean to find out."

That evening Amos examined himself carefully in the bathroom door mirror. He had never looked at himself analytically before. He felt a queer mixture of alarm at certain hitherto unnoticed signs of age—and a surprising pride in the dignity he found in his graying temples.

"Not a completely bad looking chap, a little short maybe, but—not all bad," he thought to himself.

He fancied himself dining with a glamorous girl and the picture made him twinge. It was a familiar twosome in any large city, and lots of small ones. Aging men snatching after their vanishing youth. Nauseating!

He remembered Jenny as a bride. Pretty little thing. Shy, brave, loving—how proud he was of signing Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bradley on the hotel register at the resort where they honeymooned. How wonderful it was to think of always having her by his side! How had her shining, adoring eyes turned to the lifeless dull ones with which Jenny looked unseeingly through him when they had just talked things over. Whose fault was it? Certainly it wasn't entirely mine, he thought. When had they started to drift apart? Was it when Robert was born? She had neglected him a while then. No, because later they had had the trip out West that was a second honeymoon.

That night he dreamed he was drowning in a gray foggy mist that shut off his vision, his breath. He woke with Jenny shaking him, "Amos, Amos, what's the matter?"

Exactly two weeks later he was sitting in a charming New York apartment talking to the lady who went to Miami to

help people. He had been talking for an hour and forty-five minutes and had told her of the social failure of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bradley, of his own practically celibate state, of his wife's listlessness, obesity, dullness. Of their son's escape on first one pretext and then another, plausible, yet accumulatively accusing. He had explained how nobody tried to know them—how they were ignored as though a vote had been taken to ostracize them.

The woman who helped people had been studying him the while, making notes some on paper, mostly in her mind, reserving judgment for further evidence. However, surface faults were so obvious that she began with them.

"We are creatures of habit, Mr. Bradley," she said slowly.

"And you have acquired the habit of stodginess and dullness. You are stiff, unwieldy, every unpliant muscle in your body is saying loudly in its own language, 'I refuse to bend from my grasp on the conventional. I have found the right way to do everything and I find no fault with it. Take me as I am or you will not take me at all.' You have made up your mind and you have consequently made up your body to be quite sure that you are worthy, so therefore you do not yield or move an inch toward other people. So you do not move. Do you realize that you have not moved at all since you came in and sat down there? Your hands have moved a few times, your head a little—but your body has been a stolid, solid, immovable chunk of unresponsiveness. This is not great age, it is great smugness. Nothing is more unattractive to vital creative people full of the joy of life. For heaven's sake MOVE!"

Mr. Bradley jumped. They both laughed.

"I must be pretty bad," he said with some discomfort.

"Well, there's no reason to stay that way," she said casually. "I would like to suggest that you practice being interesting to your wife, accomplish a little at home before seeking other fields to conquer."

"Goodness, I wouldn't know where to begin," he admitted.

All the dull evenings he and his wife had spent together suddenly seemed a great unwieldy mountain he must somehow dislodge.

"Well, let's take it very easy at first. Tonight try the very simple gesture of moving responsively when she speaks. That will accomplish two ends: make you appear interested in her, and also limber up your body for contacts with the outer world. You will probably shed fifteen years in appearance by this simple procedure. And—at the risk of seeming irrelevant—have you a red tie?"

The question seemed an interruption of more serious thoughts. "Er-er no," he said.

"I thought not. You barely have time to stop by a store and get one on the way to your hotel. Pick up a bottle of cologne for her too. Take her to the theater or read the news out loud to her tonight, and when you've finished that insist that she take a walk with you."

"Heavens," he demurred, "won't she think—."

"She certainly will," the woman replied. "And my guess is that you wouldn't speak to her if you knew what she's been thinking. Don't let THINKING worry you at this stage. Just roll your ammunition right up to the front line and start firing."

"Well," he said, suddenly feeling silly, "is that all I am to do this time? It doesn't seem much for such a serious problem."

"Just remember the acorn and the oak, Mr. Bradley. Now let me see, come in again at ten-thirty day after tomorrow."

"You don't appear to think that I—that we—that I—am a mental case then?"

"Good heavens no!"

"One thing more," he said apologetically. "Do you think, now do be frank, that I would be better off just to leave my

wife at home—be true to her, you understand—but just go on and make a social niche for myself? I need social contacts in my business, and I know several fellows who are accepted alone socially. It's just understood that their wives don't care for social life—and—"

"Half a loaf is better than none, but believe me, there is much greater satisfaction in a married couple's going together. There's a dual principle throughout the universe and neither you nor I is big enough to alter it. Listen, sir, if you will learn how to put your wife across, she can put you across much better than you can do the job yourself. It isn't just a case of getting in and being known—it's all the little goings-on, the man and woman things, that make life really rich."

"I don't know," he said dreamily, "there's a couple in Chicago who always go together—and somehow they don't mix with the others, they're just there—together. It doesn't look right somehow. It's as though they were clinging to the starting rail, afraid to let go and swim. Now whose fault is that?"

"Well, I can't say on such a slight description. But I would say that even if the wife doesn't know how to let go and get started, that her husband ought to be smart enough to put her across, to get partners for her to dance, to draw people to her who can talk about the subjects she knows—oh, there are a lot of little ways."

"Well, how about the wife fixing things up for the husband. That's the way it usually is, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the way it usually is, but it isn't the best way. It's much better and easier for the man to take the lead."

"I've got a lot to learn, I guess," he said, "I was thinking maybe I needed a different wife."

"Well, that is a natural result of such an impasse as you have described. But you can make this wife into a different one IF you will obey the laws of such transformation."

"Yes, but if she doesn't cooperate and do her part--"

She interrupted him with, "Of course that would be nice, but it isn't necessary, for you can get the response from her that you want and need by taking all the responsibility for it yourself. Forget completely her shortcomings and employ the stimuli that will MAKE her act in the desired way. Fortunately the force in all such matters is constructive, that's why it works. No, you, alone and single-handed, have the power to create your life—and your wife. It isn't hard. And it isn't easy. It just requires that you deal with *laws* of mind and body. The results are certain. But you have to take your mind off yourself, your hurts, disappointments, etc., and, making your thoughts objective, put this thing together coolly like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. It all fits. It remains for you to find the right way."

"I couldn't be more curious and interested."

"That's good," the lady replied, "that makes my work very easy."

The man caught sight of himself in the mirror by the door and seemed pleased with what he saw.

"I look better already, don't I?"

"You do," she smiled, "you've lost that look of blank frustration and you are already vitalized by a plan that intrigues you. And interest gathers interest you know, compounded, pressed down and running over."

"Say, this is great," Mr. Bradley said warmly and, with a surge of happiness he hadn't felt in years, he bent over the lady's hand with cavalier grace and whirled himself out the door like a college boy.

The lady couldn't help contrasting his case with that of a man she was expecting in a few minutes. The exact opposite. Mr. Next had a bold, rambunctious wife who was always belittling him, capping his climaxes and telling of his faults as though they were funny.

Their job was to tone her down, civilize her and smooth her out. It was slow going, but they were beginning to get results. How odd it was, she thought, that both these women needed the same food for their egos.

Mrs. Bradley was negative, unexpressed and subdued. Mrs. Next was on the defensive and trying to prove to herself that she could give it as well as take it. The lady was slowly teaching the husband of this embarrassing woman that if he would nourish her ego sufficiently, she wouldn't be under the urge to assert herself in such unbecoming ways. She was also convincing him that just matter-of-fact appreciation about practical matters was good but not good enough.

The female of the species must feel that some man regards her as "special," as exquisite and desirable, charming, high-minded, poetic, wonderful fun or the best playmate in the world. The malnutrition that ensues in the absence of any such soul food expresses itself in many peculiar ways, none of them profitable to a man.

At first Mr. Next had said, "But I don't know what you mean. I ALWAYS agree with her. If anybody's wrong I'm it. I don't dare cross her in a single thing."

And she had said firmly, "But you should cross her, not often enough to be domineering and cruel, but just often enough to let her know who is the basically serious boss in the house. Once a year will do if it's something she must consider the rest of the time. Besides, agreeing with your wife is far from courting her, far, far from giving her the feminine nourishment she craves with a mighty craving. You must love her to get her gentled down to where she is an asset socially."

"She'd think I was nuts," the man had said, "to try to put her across at a party when she's already so far across the line that nobody can get a word in edgeways."

"But ten to one she knows down in her heart, that some-

thing is wrong and she hasn't the imagination or the courage to find out what it is, so you must do it for her. Tell her that people are impressed by her vast intuitive wisdom and that she should get a lot more out of it by using only a little showmanship—by holding it back, and letting you bring people to her to get her pearls of wisdom in tête à tête or small groups. Tell her she is too intrinsically elegant to allow herself to be shoved into the middle of the floor to expound her opinions. Tell her if she isn't interested in getting more effect out of her wonderful personality that you are—you want the benefit of it. (Nothing gets them so fully as to think they are really an asset and a benefit to their husbands.) Convince her that you think so and she will eat out of your hand."

Mr. Bradley, whose wife was waiting for him at the hotel had the time of his life getting started on his new program of responsiveness. He stopped by the store as had been suggested and bought himself a bright tie and some cologne for his wife. She attributed the gestures to the fact that they were away from home and Amos always spent money when he was away from home. She didn't realize that her life was going to change completely. She was only mildly surprised when, after they had been reading their favorite sections of the evening paper for a few minutes, he said, "Well, what do you think of this? Listen—" and read her a whole editorial.

Again she missed the point and merely remarked, "My, I had no idea you were so interested in that."

She began to wonder what was up only when he presently rose and with boyish enthusiasm said, "Get your coat. It's a wonderful moonlight night and we're going to take a walk."

Nevertheless she was pleased, she couldn't exactly tell why, and before they were out on the street, she was laughing at some of his remarks. He marched her up to a store window in which mincing models were displaying dresses. He pointed to one and said, "Good! Stores are open tonight. Get yourself a dress like that to wear to the firm's dinner next



week. I ran spang into a convention down here of the Southern offices. We've got to go."

Her face fell. She had come to the point where she hated to see people and be judged once more a failure. He noted the change and knew the reason.

"Well, you don't have to go. But get the dress anyway. I like to see you look nice—just for myself."

"Why Amos, what—"

"You know, Jenny, you're a very handsome woman."

"Fat, you mean."

"Handsome, I said, and handsome you are."

She blushed, laughed and mentally resolved to lose some weight.

"And you have a nice laugh. I like to hear you laugh."

"Well, we certainly haven't done much laughing in the last few years. What is the difference, Amos, between people who laugh and those who don't? Everybody seems to have about the same amount of problems and worries. I guess people who laugh a lot are sort of light-headed and haven't much sense."

"I'm learning, Jenny, that they are the wise ones."

She stared at him. The pleasant change in him stirred some long ago plans within her: plans to be happy, to be companionable, to learn how to talk to her husband, other people, to learn how to value herself, to share her thoughts with him, perhaps to paint at her water-colors again. It was as though life, flowing in another direction away from her, had suddenly spilled a little over the dams of dullness and futility. If she could only keep it flowing!

She was surprised at the becomingness of the dress Amos had urged her to buy. She felt lighter than she had for ages.

The saleswoman said, "You walk awfully well for your weight."

And Jenny knew that the woman spoke the truth. That night she and Amos talked for two hours of music and the

theater. And finished with laughing over the fact that they had both wanted to go on the stage when they were young.

"Well, the stage missed a lot," Amos said and Jenny laughed till she shook.

Each night for a week, Amos had some new, small but pleasant delight or surprise for Jenny—and Jenny unconsciously tried to have one for him—a handkerchief, a sweetmeat, some black walnuts. She dropped into a hair salon and talked about a new hair arrangement for herself, finally giving herself over to the operator who was so sure it would be terrific.

Amos stared at her when she returned. "How do you like it?" she asked.

"Why, it's terrific!"

"That's what Emil said."

"Well, now, you're not going to keep that new dress and hair-do all to ourselves, are you? How about the convention dinner, now?"

Suddenly Jenny was aware that she wanted to go and see other women, talk to them. An equally sudden wave of shyness flowed over her and she said quietly, "I'll go if you want me to go."

Amos grasped her hand in enthusiasm. "Atta girl! You're a knockout. I want those other managers to see that my wife is quite a lady too, see?" He winked encouragement to her.

Jenny thought her life was very nice indeed, to have her husband admiring her and wanting to show her off—well that was what it amounted to. It was nice to be a matron after all. She didn't feel old or passé. She felt handsome, yes, that was the word.

Amos had minute instructions on how to handle Jenny at the convention dinner. It certainly sounded simple. He was to talk to his wife in very animated fashion, and she was to talk to him in the same way. He even dug up a couple of stories to tell her. He was to leave her with the first person

who showed any interest, or if necessary go and get somebody to talk to her. He was to come back to her every little while to see how she was, if she wanted a drink, if she wanted her wrap—or to get her talk pumped up again in case she was deflated. He was to pick up her hand and kiss it when nobody was looking. It was pointed out to him that in actual time, his picturesque attentions to his wife would not altogether consume so much as a half-hour out of a four- or five-hour evening. Which left him absolutely free for the remaining hours to talk to others, to play a game, to pursue his own interests. Only a half-hour to make his wife a desirable person for the others to know! There was magic in it, he thought.

To his and Jenny's astonishment, everybody at the cocktail party preceding the dinner wanted to talk to her! She was jolly and, stimulated pleasantly, dug up a number of stories she hadn't thought of in years and they went the rounds of the room. His appreciation of her, his laughter and interested talk had made a roomful of people value her as a companion! How easy it is to put a wife across—when you know how!

Late that night when he held her coat for her, he pressed it on her shoulders in a caress. In that moment they both knew that their romance was not dead, but alive.

Contrast this analyzed advice with the spontaneous reactions of a man who just naturally believes that his wife is the best in the world. He actually convinces himself, the world and his wife that this is true and they all react accordingly.

A cousin of mine in Tennessee sincerely believes that his wife, his children, his home, his automobile, his friends, his necktie and his razor are all the top products of a fascinating civilization. I would say their home is the happiest I have ever known. There's something about that type of admiration that creates the thing admired, whether it was there to start with or not. He has put his wife and children across.

This family, moderately well off and fairly prominent has grown to be one of great service to the nation and particularly to their own state and community. I just read a long newspaper account of this wife's record of accomplishment and her many distinctions and services. Yet, I can recall her when I was a child, as a very shy, not very talkative and not very beautiful woman. Through her husband's enthusiastic encouragement she has become a leader, a masterful public speaker and she is very beautiful! She has reared two delightful children who now have their own families.

Of course it takes more than one robin to make a summer but I would say that the greatest single factor in the harmony and success of this family was the father's interpenetrating approval of them all. No matter what virtues and assets a family may have, without father's approval and cooperation a pall settles like a tarnish and robs them of their self-esteem.

A virtuous father who deals out disapproval can wreck his family. A drunken father who has to be fished out of a saloon every Saturday night to be induced to come home with the pay-check can still succeed as a parent if he will only offer his family his encouraging approval. So, Father, try to support them well. Give them bread for their stomachs if you can get it; but in all events, give them the bread of approval for their souls and personalities and you will have done them a greater service. For with your approval they will develop their talents; they will believe in themselves—and this will happen whether or not they admire you!

In my own life no single factor has been so potent as my father's approval and unreasoning worship. His favorite expression was "I'm backing you blind." Just so, nothing is so supporting to a wife, nothing so stimulating to her courage and her daring in her grasp of life as her husband's admiration.

## A SMILE—OR GUILF— TAKE YOUR CHOICE

*"A smile expresses good feeling  
It grows in a wreath—  
all around the front teeth—  
Thus preventing the face from congealing."*

IF YOU WANT COOPERATION IN YOUR house—and a normal amount of truth-telling—then you have to smile. A scowl is simply an invitation to lies and liars. A sour-dispositioned husband has turned many a once truthful wife into the most accomplished of prevaricators. The children learn early!

And after a while the little woman comes to the conclusion that if she's damned if she does, and damned if she doesn't, then she'll be damned if she'll do anything but what she pleases.

In one of the larger cities down South, twin brothers grew up together. They became very rich, very prominent, very influential. They lived in twin estates across the road from each other. The houses were very similar. They had married sisters and in appearance all the children showed their kinship. But there the resemblance stopped. In all other ways, they and their lives were as different as could be. One of them was hated and feared while the other one was idolized by his family, the servants and the whole community. Even perfect strangers turned to look at him with admiration.

The adored brother was put at the head of every function and enterprise because of his popularity. He was elected governor of the state, and later was nominated for the presidency of the United States; but ill health caused him to request that his name be withdrawn. He was loved all his life.

The brother who was hated and feared was not really a bad man. He wanted desperately to be liked. He would have given anything to have his wife adore him as his brother's wife adored her husband. He thought his popular brother was endowed with some special magic or that fate had singled him out for honors.

His brother WAS endowed with special magic but it wasn't fate; it was the way he smiled at people. Other than that they had about every other tool for living in common. Let us call the brother with the smile Alexander, and the brother who didn't smile Tyler. Tyler had more brains, that is, he could think through knottier problems. But the knot of his own standing with his wife, children and friends, he never seemed to sense how he could untie.

Tyler seemed to be under the impression that if he smiled much he would lose dignity and therefore influence. He had to be stern to see that his wife and his household were kept in line, or so he thought. So, everybody in the house did just the right amount of work, more or less joylessly. He often wondered why his brother's wife, children and servants would work for days on some projects for the surprised pleasure of their lord and master.

Tyler's family probably thought he couldn't be pleased, so they did what they had to do and sped off somewhere else for their joy. He thought if he looked pleased about their work, they would take advantage of him and do less.

Alexander was on intimate terms with his son. His wife, all her life admitted that from four-thirty on in the afternoon

she couldn't suppress a little excitement because Alex was going to be home soon. She'd groom herself, fix her hair, maybe pin a flower in it and sit somewhere she could see or hear him coming—and always with a glad cry she couldn't have restrained took a few steps forward to meet him. When the children were little they all used to race to the door to meet Daddy.

"You're spoiling that husband of yours, Elsa," her friends used to say.

"Good," she'd reply, "if spoiling makes him the wonderful husband he is, then we should all organize for the purpose of spoiling all of them!"

"How does he manage to keep you right on the button?" another husband asked her when they were sitting at a table in a restaurant one night.

"I hypnotize her," said Alex quickly, blaring his eyes at her until they all laughed.

"I think he does, but not that way," Elsa laughed. "He knows my weakness for approval, so he just encourages me until I practically kill myself. I'm an addict now and I can't do without it."

"Come, woman, and dance with me, this conversation is too revealing."

He took Elsa out on the floor with the quietly gallant manner of one attending a great lady. The couple at the table watched them. The woman sighed.

"If you'd treat me like that, I'd be your slave."

The man didn't answer. She went on— "—instead of a slavey."

"Elsa is beautiful, isn't she," he said as though she hadn't spoken. The woman sighed again. "Love makes a woman beautiful."

"She seems to enjoy being Alex's slave," he went on, then suddenly turned to her and said, "What is the matter with

us? Alex and Elsa seem to live in a little circle of harmony—look, it even creeps into the way they dance together. They're terrific."

The woman hesitated. She didn't want to turn the evening into a quarrel. She didn't want to seem to grasp the first opportunity for criticism. He sensed her thought.

"Oh, go on," he said, "let's make this one off the record."

"Well," she said slowly, "it just isn't any fun to please you. I work for your august approval, but when you don't smile or seem joyous about it yourself, the melody dies, and the music that ought to be life for us is just the paper notes."

"Well, all right, how do I begin? Grin like this (baring his teeth) when I say 'Good morning, dear, how beautiful you are this morning.'"

"That's very funny," she said thoughtfully, "if you mean it for playing—if it's sarcasm, it's no go. Yes (brightening) it's a good beginning—a very good start. Let's go ahead with it. Let's not get self-conscious, and more important, let's not get discouraged. Let's get all of that lilt out of life we can."

He put his hand over hers, "Lord, how I must have failed you! Well, here we go. You'll have to put up with my awkwardness, my backsliding, my general cussedness for a while—but bear with me and I think we'll make it. Humph! What's Alex got that I haven't got! Come on, let's dance!"

He looked at her with a new light in his eyes and she responded like one of those tight little paper flowers that unfold and bloom when placed in water. Pride, accord, consonance seemed to sweep them through the dance. It was a moment they always remembered. It was the beginning of the best of their lives.

Yes, in getting the most out of a marriage, women are wonderful wingers, but when the men take over, they certainly get results! Men are wonderfully generous, and I, for one,



would like to see them get more out of the money they spend for gifts. It's really quite simple.

The jewelry Alex had given his wife made her proud and happy. He looked at her when she wore it as though no gems could do her justice. He seemed to be admiring her.

Tyler had given his wife quite as much, if not more, but she never felt that he had given it because he wanted to make her happy, or that he particularly admired her in it. He would nod with satisfaction when she wore it, but he looked at the jewelry somehow instead of at her—and often when she did not wear it, he would sternly ask her where it was. If she had it on, he would frowningly inquire if the safety clasps were on, as though she hadn't the sense to wear it or take care of it properly. She got so little pleasure out of it that she wore it less and less. Rather than tell him the truth—that he took all the joy out of it—she said she guessed she was losing her taste for adornment. He, foolishly, took this for a truth.

One night they went to a state dinner together. The jewelry, long in the vault, was forgotten. He was very cross about it, and his reason was not that he wanted to see her wear it, but working up to a rage he said, "Don't you suppose I want people to see my wife wearing the jewelry I can afford to buy her!"

He didn't see the sour little smile with which she turned away into the darkness. She had decided long ago that she was not regarded as a person but as a kind of signboard for him. It hurt—for a while. Finally she grew quite numb where he was concerned.

Naturally there was little laughter at Tyler's house. He often wondered just how he had missed it, when sometimes walking up the drive to his brother's house he would hear bursts and swells of such honest laughter that he almost, not quite, smiled himself. Walking into the living room, he once

found Alex and his son tussling on the floor; a banana some inches from their hands was the object of their struggle. Tyler was shocked. He thought his brother's behavior was not fitting for a man who had been spoken of for the presidency.

He couldn't have brought himself to wrestle with his son for a ton of bananas or gold. He was surprised when the pair got up laughing and straightening their clothes, to see young Alex pick his father's coat up off the floor where it had fallen off a chair and try to hand it to him and keep out of his reach at the same time, because young Alex had the banana and was trying to make off with it. So respect wasn't gone. Here it was mixed with play. Puzzling.

Alex was reaping too, the extra dividends of a wife who knows that her children are on good terms with their father and therefore she can sing while she goes about making the dinner or arranging other parts of their lives with greater art and thoughtfulness. Automatically she was grateful to him for being such a fine father and showed that gratitude in many extra ways. Alex was certainly lapping up the cream of life. Tyler wouldn't have believed it if he had been told that the beginning of all that comfortable arrangement in Alex's life was a simple little smile. And he wouldn't have understood that, instead of taking advantage of Alex's smiles, the whole household was working hard to share them with him.

(At this point my husband said that Tyler and Alexander sounded like characters made up for the purpose of making the point. But, I promise you that they are real people, actually kinsmen of mine. His other remark was "That smile of Alex's must have been SOMETHING." Well, any smile is quite something—and accumulatively will attract more profit than any other single thing in the world.)

I'd like to go back to the point of Tyler's being afraid that

people would take advantage of him if he were pleasant. The truth is that there is no known way to get and stay in a position where no one can take advantage of you. If you should sit up all night and scowl at every possible intruder on your particular preserves, whatever you conceive them to be, somebody would slip up on you when you were gone for a cup of coffee. Now no one can be watching suspiciously to protect his interests twenty-four hours a day. And since scowling at people isn't the way to protect them anyway why be so grim about it?

If you know that you're going to take a few losses in life no matter how you wear your face, doesn't it seem more sensible to wear it becomingly (i.e., smile) and have the pleasure and the train of happy effects to stack up against said losses? Besides joylessness is very hard on the kidneys, the liver and the glands.

There is, of course, that rare husband who is a born playboy and his too-studied, almost professional, smiles are gotten up to get himself out of trouble at home and into trouble abroad. He is not the subject of this little chat.

Now, are you by chance a man who ought to smile more? And, by chance, have I convinced you that you should set about it? First let's analyze you a little. I think it will be easier for you to smile if you will find out just what are the reasons why you are so solemn. Just why is it you don't smile?

1. Have you bad teeth? ✓
2. Have you indigestion? ✓
3. Do your feet hurt? ✓
4. Is your dignity attached by unseen threads to the corners of your mouth and are they so fragile they'll pop if you stretch them a bit? ✓
5. Has somebody broken your heart? ✓

6. Do you think life is a grim business?
7. Can't you see the funny side of anything, yourself, perchance?
8. Do you think the world is going to the dogs?
9. Do you believe that God has given us up as a bad job?
10. Or do you think all the flowers in the world are made out of paper?

Some phase or slant of these questions is usually back of grimness. Now, please answer this question for yourself: "Do you think any of these reasons for not smiling is at all attractive, or even positively true or necessary?"

Truly all of them are so completely negative that they are repulsive to any sensible thinking person.

I know a man who is losing his pretty, much-younger-than-himself wife simply because he is getting sourer and sourer, works up petty rages over world events and any passing disturbance, and also, because he hasn't any better sense than to tell her she no longer cares for him. This man is handsome, charming (or at least capable of great charm), witty, learned, and is a delightful host. And his wife really loves him!

But no one, particularly a young and pretty woman, can react in any other way to a sour and dismal estimate of life and the world. Even though the facts that are used as evidence of this world's, to him, imminent debacle, have truth in them, there is another side to the picture.

He should remember that since the world began somebody has always been saying that the end is at hand—and it hasn't come yet! He should remember that even though she agrees with him politically, economically, etc., etc., she has no conscious control over her natural desire for brightness and happiness. If he ever does lose her, it won't be because some other man was really more fascinating, not because he

himself is gathering a few extra years, but because it was just too darned unpleasant to be around him.

Here is a great truth for everyone of us to remember—and it ought to be burned into something where we could never lose sight of it—age itself is not ever the defeating factor. It is dolor, a long face, or carping and complaining that make youth turn to look out the window, and perhaps the door, to follow the year of gladness and the mind of faith and fun. Old people imagine that “nobody loves an old person.”

Whatever small truth may be in that statement is there because most old people have a repertoire of gathered and cherished objections to what they see before them. They warn, carp, complain, criticise, and call it love and wisdom! The world would stop in its tracks indeed, if their dismal thesis of doom were to be heeded. No wonder they are shunned. Cheerful, interested, happy old people are as popular as any young person. I know. I’ve lived with both kinds.

The husband above, has gathered his dolor ahead of time—at least, he doesn’t look very old—but if he doesn’t get rid of it, his wife will, of necessity, get rid of him. And I can’t say she will be wrong, though it will be a great pity, for no man of her acquaintance has her husband’s charm or real richness of soul.

Possibly only the mystical Akashic Record (the name given to the vibrational content of the ether which is presumed by its believers to hold everything that was ever said or done) holds the numberless instances in which the grim and accusing attitude of a wife has created an ingenious, lying husband. There are probably many more of them than of prevaricating wives created by scowling husbands. But, as I must occasionally remind you, this book is on the subject of husbands—and how they can get “more out of wife.”

Sticking to that subject, let’s consider the wife who played bridge one afternoon until it was too late to drive into town

to the dry cleaners to pick up her husband's dinner coat which he wanted to wear to a club meeting that night. He had also just learned that her bank account was out of balance and he was still feeling severe over the fact that a few weeks back she had lost her pocketbook at the movies, containing the keys to the cellar, his boat and their safe-deposit box.

Perhaps he was justified in thinking that a few well-placed scowls would bring about a reformation. Common sense would say so, yet the conclusion couldn't be farther from the truth. Regardless of outraged justice, the problem before the house is not the extent of the damage, the depth of the wrong, but the best ways of correcting the matter. There isn't much point in compounding a felony by dealing out a "just" punishment.

But the husband just mentioned thought as you probably do. The woman was very lucky not to be beaten. Why should she expect to escape a severe reprimand? Well, as a matter of fact, she didn't expect to escape. She walked right up to her husband and told him the truth, finishing with—

"It was a dreadful thing to do. I'm so very sorry I couldn't get there in time to get your coat. You'll just have to wear your old one."

White with anger he mimicked her words, "So, you'll just have to wear your old one."

His voice went to a high falsetto and broke like a teen-aged boy's.

As disturbed as she was she couldn't help seeing the ludicrous side of a grown man so far away from poise. Her face slipped into a smile before she could turn her head. That was the last straw. For two hours, believe it or not, he raged, stormed, paced, gesticulated, painted himself a martyr, slaving each day for an ungrateful family until he was so affected by his own plight and excellent manner of presenting it that

he actually wept. But that wasn't noisy enough. It was more satisfying to yell, so he went back to that.

The children crept down the hall and listened. White-faced they peeked in the door looking for all the world like a vertical row of saucers. Only little Sandy, three years old, was unimpressed. He became bored in about five minutes and then went back to the sandbox waving his arms and shouting, "Bla-bla-bla-bla-bla!"

And where could one find a more intelligent comment?

The children were sorry for their mother, but they also knew she was wrong and they wanted to protect her. The scene was painful to them. They were scarred, conditioned, rendered traumatic to scenes. Anything but this—anything!

After a little while, the wife got over her panic and tears and began thinking of the effect on the children. She didn't want them to lose respect for their father or to find their mother in such an unprotected position. It was bad for their own sense of security, she knew.

Finally in the middle of a great oration on his wrongs, the back doorbell rang. The children ran to it and there stood the dry cleaner with father's coat! Father looked and sounded awfully silly as his rage was running down.

He wheezed and stuttered and said, "Well, God is good," which was a somewhat different arrangement of the words that they had heard a few minutes previously.

Sandy, who had joined the group at the door went back again to his sand pile chanting amiably, "God is good. God is good."

Father wasn't quite ready to be amiable to mother. He scowled at her on the way to the bathroom and said, "I don't want this ever to happen again! Can I in the future expect just a small amount of consideration from you—enough to remember my infrequent requests."

Mother was thoroughly worn out and disgusted by now

and she merely replied. "In that perfect world in which you lived before you met me, are you quite sure that nothing was ever forgotten. Are you quite sure that you, yourself never misplaced, or lost or forgot anything? I'd be very happy to have you remember just one thing that was wrong with your life at that time—for it is indeed horrible to bear the shame of being the single discord you have met on this earth."

Father said, "Humph!" and turned on the shower noisily.

The children came to their mother and put their arms around her. They cried a little together. There was then and there a silent agreement among the four of them to go to any length to avoid any such scene in the future. They silently understood that no matter which of them was in the wrong the others would be solidly in league for defense or deceit as the case might demand.

Husbands, who regard themselves as little Caesars should, like him, have a slave to run behind to say occasionally, "Remember, oh, mighty ruler, thou art but a mortal."

Whoever imagines that he can humiliate another soul, be it male or female, without suffering the most unexpected retaliation must be a little mad. Whoever imagines he rules all, and knows all in his family couldn't be more mistaken. Scowling, domineering husbands, or wives, are the butt of some of the choicest deceits that the human mind can contrive. The ingenuity of the weak and the meek is amazing and amusing.

Remember the story of the woman who managed her husband so well, so she thought, that she knew all his earnings and handled them herself. After twenty-seven years of managing ALL of Herbert's affairs, they were dragged into court on some slight matter and Herbert had to swear to his earnings. Under oath he told the truth and the sum was quite a bit in advance of that he had solemnly handed his wife for twenty-seven years. His wife fainted dead away.



Alexander, the happy man of our story, believed the Bible when he read "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Since vengeance belonged to the Lord alone he devoted himself, rather to understanding, compassion than to retribution. When his little daughter lost a valuable ring her mother had loaned her, he took the sobbing child on his knee and comforted her. "How awful it must be to be so at fault. I remember losing fifty dollars when I was a little boy and my father merely said, 'Well, Alex, we'll have to do some extra work to make it up.' It seemed aeons of time before my labors at grass cutting, errands and wood chopping paid it out. As a matter of fact, I never did pay it out. Father cancelled the last ten as a reward for a grade at school that pleased him."

The little girl stopped crying and her arms stole around his neck,

"Oh, Father, you are so wonderful. I love you so!"

A friend of mine has contributed the following story of her own mother and father. She said her father smiled so seldom and was so very cross that once when he did smile they didn't know him. She and her brothers and sisters were looking through their evening paper one day. There was a large picture of him shaking hands with the new mayor at a business men's luncheon. Father was smiling broadly. His children didn't recognize him! They turned the page without even a flicker of recognition.

And there was the affair of the broken vase. It seemed they could never get to the end of it. Father's great-aunt had left him a Victorian vase, misshaped, ill-begotten, florid affair, but he thought it beautiful, which is a credit to something or other. Mother was always trying to put it in inconspicuous places. Once when she was giving a big party she took it to the back of the house out of sight. Father was very displeased until he was mollified by the explanation that she

had taken it out to wash it and never got around to putting it back. They, she and the children, didn't want any more roaring scenes.

When no one was around but the family, Mother would place the vase prominently, dust off a speck from it and stand back ostensibly admiring it. Father would beam.

Now, you may ask, "Why didn't she just tell him in the first place that she didn't like it and wouldn't have it around?"

That is very easy to say if you didn't know Father. But he had brought it home and unwrapped it, telling the story of how it had graced his aunt's lovely home for years and at last he had come by this treasure because his deceased relative had been very fond of him, etc., etc. He said it was lovely to have heirlooms around, which is true if they are lovely.

One day Mother found the vase lying on the floor broken. She and the children didn't waste time trying to place the blame—they were panicked into a conference as to the best way to proceed. It was agreed that Tommy, aged eleven would take it quickly down town to a small German doll and china store to get it mended by the old man there who could do such wonders with repairs. The old man said they could have it back the next day and that they wouldn't be able to tell it had ever been broken.

Delighted with this solution they went home, only to find Mother worrying over what they would tell Father if he missed it in the house that evening.

They decided to tell him that their next door neighbors had borrowed it for a party because they had always admired it so much. They didn't have much time to think out a better one, for Father walked in about that time. After a more or less silent dinner during which they constantly looked furtively at one another, they went into the living room and

Father opened his paper and lighted his pipe. They breathed a sigh of relief. They were all right so far. Father sensed something tense in the air and looked over his paper sharply at first one and then the other. They put on an exaggerated air of innocence—which he at first let pass. then he began looking them over once more.

"Is there some news you haven't told me, something I should know?"

"No, Father," they said in chorus.

He looked at them for all the world like a large ant waving its tentacles around to register the atmosphere. Then he shrugged and went back to his reading. Mother was knitting, but the rows were so irregular that she had to rip it all out. Father scowled at her for her awkwardness.

An hour later, out of clear sky, as though by mental telepathy something in his mind has said "Vase!" he looked up and around the room, and said with cool severity,

"Where is my aunt's vase?"

Mother, with that odd mirth that overcomes people who know the jig is up replied inanely.

"In French, that would be 'Where is the vase of my aunt?' " She giggled.

Father did not smile. "I repeat, in any language, where is my vase?"

The children imperceptibly nodded encouragement to her and said, with affected casualness, "Oh, I loaned it to the Darrell's. They're having a party and wanted it for decoration. Their house is a bit bare you know, because their things haven't come from England yet."

"Just where are they having their party?"

"Why at home, I guess."

"Well, that's strange. I met them at the foot of the hill in their car. They said they were having dinner with her mother over at the Bay."

"That is strange," said Mother. "You don't suppose they took it with them, do you?" She counted her stitches with studied nonchalance.

"How would I know?" boomed Father, "But I mean to know."

"Well, I didn't think you'd mind. I thought you might possibly be pleased. They are good neighbors, you know."

"Humph!" said Father, and being unable to catch anyone's eye, he went scowling back to his paper. The children and Mother quickly exchanged glances. Mother frowned at them and looked down just in time to escape a look from Father.

She dreamed that night that she was being chased by a row of garish vases that flung themselves at her and fell in pieces all around her. The next morning she sent Tommy flying to the little German doll-maker to get the vase. He came back crying saying there was a sign on the door that the authorities had arrested the man and his shop was closed and padlocked by the police.

In the meantime the neighbors came back from the Bay, and Mother had to take them into her confidence about the story of their borrowing the vase. They were sympathetic for they had heard Father in his tantrums.

Finally Mother got so wound up in deception which meant plot and counterplot that she became actually ill.

Mother decided that she'd better tell Father the truth. So when she was well and strong she brought the matter to a head by going back to the beginning and relating every single detail as closely as she could recall it. Father started one of his familiar scenes, but Mother interrupted him.

"None of that now! You're going to listen to me!"

And probably out of sheer surprise, he listened. He heard himself described so accurately and completely that he cringed. For the first time in his life he was seeing the power

that a man has for good or evil. Mother didn't spare herself. She knew she was a coward, a moral coward. He interrupted her only once.

"Now Martha, you know how to handle me. You know the things that upset me."

Mother sounded off again at that, "The idea of a grown man admitting that he has to be HANDLED! The idea of a grown man collecting a list of things that upset him! Well, I can tell you right here that I am going to avoid your tantrums by any means I can invent. And you will just have the result of it with me—since you are the primary cause, with your scowls and rages."

Father started off again, but the wind was out of his sails. He was completely deflated when he saw the children look at him with that depth of sorrow that only bewildered childhood can ever know. He decided to change himself. He went to a psychoanalyst and asked, "Can a man be changed from one kind of person into another?"

The answer was quick. "No, but he can change himself, if he means business, into any kind of person he wants to be—IF he wants it enough to pay the price of the necessary repetitions and discipline. It seldom happens, for habit is stronger than desire in most instances. But it CAN be done."

"Thanks, that's all I wanted to know," he said and with the same intensity that he went at his rages, he now focussed all his forces on becoming a gentle understanding husband and father. He won the children's respect back, because they thought he must love them a great deal to want to make them happy.

He *decided* with that sovereign mind within all of us that he was going to be a man who had a temper instead of a man whose temper had him. Funny thing about a decision—that's about all that's necessary to move mountains. But you'll not agree with me if you go at some objective with vague hope or

wishful thinking. Decision is conclusive, incisive, wiping out completely any thought opposite to itself. Within the radius of its action, it will not take no for an answer.

Mother was so happy in the changed atmosphere around the house, that she began to look years younger. She began to sing. The children began to laugh, really laugh in that happy security and full-bodied joy of youngsters. Father, sitting one evening watching and listening to the color, melody and lilt in his house was first a little surprised at so much for so little on his part. Then he became smug, just a little understandable smugness, puffed contentedly and proudly on his pipe and he thought of himself and his family as very much above the average—fortunate, clever, wholesome people—far, far above the average.

He smiled to himself and suddenly discovered that the smiles we smile inside, those of wonder, satisfaction and content, light up our whole inner world. And other people, seeing and sensing that light, draw near and light their lights and presently, the rays have gone far to take away all kinds of darkness. Then, returning to us in the acts of those who love us they bring their harvest of remarkable return, most remarkable return.

# 4

## HAMMER OR ANVIL

*(The fine art of quarreling.)*

ALL HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLES HAVE A good quarreling technique. The course of true love definitely does not run smoothly—all the time. And if one doesn't learn the rules of battle one is likely to lose for good and all.

Certain holds are barred in a good fight. If one wants to stay married there are certain things one must not say, certain things one must not do, in the heat of battle.

There are some good rules such as:

1. Don't get mad at the same time. Have your say later.
2. Leave your relatives out of the conversation.

I once knew a man who would become upset over, say, a letter, and in a very few minutes all your sins of omission and commission of the last five years were dragged into the crescendo scene. The failures of your parents in bringing you up, the Volstead act, even Adam and Eve as well as your grandmother were partly to blame. Do stick to the subject if you don't want to leave a sting.

After a party in New York, some friends who lived in New Jersey started home and began to quarrel over which was the right road. Engaged in pithy retort the husband wasn't functioning normally and he took more than one wrong turn—on the road as well as verbally. They finally wound up at the end of a dead end only to discover that they had come into the State Insane Asylum by the delivery entrance. They de-

cided that they were in the right place and burst out laughing.

They, through tears of laughter, pledged each other never again to betray all the charm and wonder of their life together by silly little differences and bickering. Of course they didn't keep the pledge, but it's good to make such a pledge because each time the interval of peace becomes longer until one day there are hardly any misunderstandings.

3. Don't mention a weakness that the other person can't help—that is sadistic cruelty.

4. Don't give a wife (or husband) the constant suggestion that she or he is wrong.

5. Never tell your wife, when you are looking for that last devastating thrust, that she isn't the type that would appeal to a rich man. Really you wouldn't believe the things that otherwise sane men say to their wives when they think it's a good idea to smack them down.

Let me elaborate on this point with a bit of gossip. A certain Hollywood director, one whose pictures you much appreciate, had a very pretty young wife. Her career was a sort of avocation. Her chief interest was social. One day they quarreled, as everybody does once in a while. Words were flying thick and fast. In tears she burst out with, "I don't know why I married you anyway. I had three other chances to marry men much kinder than you besides two of them were millionaires."

He snorted, "You—you aren't the type rich men are looking for. You've got a cute little figure but men like that want class. With lots of millions they can pick and choose—you aren't the type."

He told me afterward that he knew the minute he had spoken, he had cast the die of their divorce and her next marriage. He saw the instant plan in her eyes. He says he doesn't know why he said it, but he knew he had cut too deep



for it ever to heal. He had struck at the core of her feminine pride and galvanized every fiber of her considerable strength of mind and personality. The point would never be proved until she proved it. She was going to show him—and herself.

She told her intimate friends, "I married him for love and how it cut and hurt. If that's love, I'll just take a cold-blooded plan. Wait and see."

He let her divorce him and didn't even reply to the charges of mental cruelty. She began to take her career seriously. She put her extraordinarily good mind on her health, figure, clothes, conversation, sports accomplishments. Two years later headlines told the world she had just married one of the world's richest men.

Many people in Hollywood will recognize this story. Four years later she divorced her millionaire and she is still one of the best actresses on the screen, always turning in a good performance, always good box-office. At least she has her career, which might have eluded her if she hadn't mustered her forces and determined to succeed on her own. She could have made a success of her marriage to the man she loved, the director, if she had put as much mind and energy into it as in her second marriage. But when pride is cut, one's sense of values becomes warped. So that point should take the number one place as well as the last on the list of don'ts for quarreling. **DON'T STING THE OTHER'S EGO.**

Turn back for a moment to point 4 on our list—eleven words one can easily overlook. But do not underestimate the importance of them for disaster awaits the ones who disobey them—not just marital disaster, but disaster in life itself. In one way it is just an extension of the foregoing one about stinging the ego. But it is far more serious. A quick sting may not be forgotten or forgiven. But the constant suggestion that someone is eternally wrong is a poisonous dropping

that eats at the roots of ego, eventually robbing the victim of the will to live.

I doubt if it is ever done with deliberate plan to destroy. I really doubt if it could be done for that purpose, for the viciousness of the person employing such means would show itself in other ways and such a personality would engender a general resistance in any intended victim.

Constant suggestion is such a powerful force that we should be very careful how we use it especially with those we love—and those who love us—for they are particularly vulnerable. The unconscious mind where such suggestions of unworthiness accumulate has no redress, no argument. It simply acts upon the strongest suggestion of its contents, definitely, and the only way to change any given impulse born of the weight there, is to change the quality of suggestions—in time and in sufficient volume.

Those of us who saw the moving picture "Gas-light" and its counterpart on the stage "Angel Street" will recall how the criminal husband was using the constant suggestion that his wife's memory was faulty to persuade her that she was a mental case and to break down her inner defenses, have seen the plot enacted before our eyes. In real life, when, just to satisfy his own ego (or her own ego) someone daily shows the other person to be wrong, there is seldom a kind detective to interfere, as the play so conveniently provided.

A certain well-known public figure and his wife lived in one of New York's best hotels on the twentieth floor. Her jewelry was famous. They were a very distinguished looking couple, living a full and happy social life. They had been married many years. He developed physical weaknesses of the middle-aged and perhaps because he himself was in pain a good deal of the time, he became very quarrelsome and critical of her. Certain expressions annoyed him. Certain mannerisms irritated him. If she decided on one way to do

something he was petulant because it wasn't done some other way. She didn't know that his seeming dissatisfaction with her was really his discomfort with himself.

After two years of being on the point of his criticism, she, because she knew him to be a man of rare judgment and because she loved him was more than ordinarily sensitive to him, and despaired of ever pleasing him. She concluded that she was a complete failure. This man, her husband, who knew her better than anyone else was always displeased with her. People who liked her did so, she felt, because they didn't really know her as well as he did.

Convinced of her worthlessness through repeated suggestion of being in the wrong, this beautiful, rich, fortunately born and placed woman of great reputation threw herself from the twentieth story of her hotel. It was inexplicable to her friends. Her husband, who really loved her, sensed the truth and brooding over what he had done, followed her a few months later, in exactly the same way.

Lines of Oscar Wilde's *the Ballad of Reading Gaol* come to mind:

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,  
By each let this be heard,

. . . . .  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

A man is fortunately constituted in such a way that he will escape such accumulation of criticism that destroys the ego, by the simple expedient of leaving a nagging wife—and society backs him up, through some instinctive understanding that he acts in self-defense. But not quite all of them escape.

A certain Wall Street man lost a good deal of his fortune in the crash of 1929. His pretty, shallow wife complained so constantly of their reduced circumstances that the man became despondent. He made one or two attempts to come

back financially but his judgment was faulty, largely through the nervousness caused by his wife's dissatisfaction. She stupidly, rather than with studied cruelty, berated him for his poor judgment. And finally she threw his inaccurate thinking at him many times a day. She adopted the peculiarly telling expression, "You're one hundred per cent wrong—as usual!" Now her husband had been a dynamic personality, but the strongest person is helpless before the definite laws of suggestion—IF he is vulnerable to their source.

To be one hundred per cent wrong is to have no loophole at all. Think of it yourself—one hundred per cent wrong! Many times a day she said this. I heard her say it several times within a span of a few hours. I saw him pale each time, but he did not resent it. He had concluded she was right! One day he put on his uniform of World War One because it was the only thing of which he was still proud. Oddly enough, he took a train to his old college and there shot himself.

Oh, do be careful, how you pile up in anybody's subconscious mind the idea that he or she is one hundred per cent wrong!

Actually if one really wants to help the other person, there are ways one can quarrel and help, too. Suppose your mate or child is losing confidence and is hunting ways to escape the responsibility of effort. You can rage at him or her and get across your point if you will only leave the object of your rage in a strong position by some such thought as. "People like you always come through with a fine performance in the end—after you've devastated your parents (or whomever) with worry. You have so much to do with, so much that is wonderful!"

Always use the note of hope, confidence and encouragement, even in a quarrel. In fact, sometimes the positive suggestion in a quarrel is more potent than in sweet converse.

The lecturee is likely to think he is getting the raw facts and therefore has less resistance to suspected flattery.

Whatever you may think of your wife's judgment and opinions don't have it out with her in front of children or servants. That is something like sitting on a limb and sawing it off. It's too late to give your wife more brains but you can certainly polish up those she has by encouraging her use of them and *standing by her*. If you had an employee who let you down as often as you let your wife down in public discussion you would fire the man and consider him your most vicious enemy.

Bringing her talk to heel while clever children sit by and listen simply makes a loophole in her authority from which they can slip out and do as they please. So I'm sure you're too smart to expect the children of the woman you are constantly "showing up" to hold them in rein for you when they are in their rambunctious teens.

"What is the matter with the teen-age child these days?" seems to be a burning subject. The brains of the world talk all around it, write thousands of pages on the subject, but only a little clear thought brings out the very obvious truth, that in the modern home there is little or no authority. Father has spent the previous fourteen years building up his own ego by gradually showing the children and the neighbors what a silly little woman his wife really is!

If he is religious and conservative, he has shown disapproval of any gaiety or color from his wife. If he is irresponsible he has made wisecracks about religion when his wife timidly plucked his sleeve and asked him to give the family a "church home." The children throw their mental hats in the air and go shouting down the do-as-you-please road. The only really surprising result is that the husband is always surprised when the authority he has picked to pieces fails to hold up when it is really needed!

It is as though he had been showing off by picking off pieces of the roof with his bare hands just to show how strong he is, and then exhibiting hurt surprise when the rain comes in. If mother is really such a little nitwit that she must be called to time for each inaccurate utterance, what possible influence can she have on eighteen-year old Jean who falls in love with a married man and can't see why she shouldn't stay out till two o'clock in the morning with him! However, it is then that Father turns in righteous indignation and says, "*Your daughter is a thorn in my flesh.*"

You wouldn't hobble a horse and expect him to run. When you, yourself have snapped off the light of your wife's authority don't expect it to shine on the children's path. Of course a woman should be clever enough to feed your ego so that you don't have to make a little heap of her to furnish you with a mound on which to stand tall and supreme in the family. But, if she is stupid—and all of us are a little dim, in spots—it is up to you to make her appear less stupid.

The children should think she is smart whether she is or not. It is up to you to make them think so. Actually, if you AND the children acted as though she were very brilliant, she would get to be so for all practical purposes. There is latent intelligence behind any spark of life that will express itself if called forth. That same spark will smoulder sullenly under contempt and be useless.

But most of us are too busy looking over the ledger of our own emotional and other injustices and feeling sorry for the outrages we find there, to be very intelligent and objectively analytical about them.

Your idea will get across far better if you are impatient because such a wonderful person is letting some small fault (or large one) mar the effect of his many virtues or talents.

I knew a girl who would take the most pointed criticism from her husband because he had made her feel his basic

admiration and respect for her brains, beauty and ability. She'd take anything from him. And her own sister wouldn't let her husband make a sensible suggestion to her if it was in the least critical. The reason, as you have already suspected, was that husband number two, was sarcastic cynical and sought always to aggrandize himself.

Working partnerships such as the Lunts and the McClintics (Catherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic) have knowingly or otherwise found a way to differ with each other and build at the same time. When the personality of one must be crushed for the other to climb upon, the end is soon. Often people of talent derive most of their courage and inspiration from a loved one who can give a suggestion without destroying something else.

One husband we knew well, when he felt it was time to dress down his wife, would imitate her faults of speech or posture and make her seem ludicrous. Then when he had her quite crushed finally, he would make the point that he thought would help her. But of course, by that time there was murder in her heart instead of receptivity. He seemed always surprised that his careful speech was met with iron resistance and no desire on her part to change! He had shown her so clearly, he thought!

What he had really shown her was that he was a bull in a china shop psychologically. It was difficult for him to understand that you mustn't crush people before giving a criticism. You must build them up! Then your words slide down gratefully.

But the real triumph of the civilized soul in the quarrels that come somehow to everyone is the art of apology. That is the great boon and privilege open to all of us, no matter how good or bad, right or wrong, we may be.

It is the largest, most magnanimous, most civilized gesture open to human beings. It elevates the whole tone of one's

being to apologize. How sad that some people are so small, so limited, so lacking that they find apology difficult, if not impossible. But fortunately by a mere act of will, such benighted souls can force themselves to be civilized by apologizing until it becomes less difficult and finally easy for them.

The person who can't apologize easily is going to have a dreadful time in marriage and, what is more, is going to give his wife a dreadful time. For all of us blunder, all of us are at times mistaken, all of us thrust out in temper at times—it is a kind of human right to be wrong. The quick and complete palliative is apology. It saves so much! It heals so much!

It is so silly to stiffen up and refuse to apologize. Are you so poor that you can't afford a little civilized graciousness? You, as a superior male should take the lead in these things; you as the head of the house should set it in order.

If you find your wife unresponsive to your stiff and grudging apology, do one of two things. Either tell her that you need her help in growing big enough to apologize sweepingly and properly and walk up on the blind side of her weakest feminine point in asking her aid; or take her by the shoulders, not too roughly and say, "You don't seem to realize it, but I am apologizing to you and I expect, no, I demand a proper response. If I can put down my anger, you should put yours down. I'm honestly sorry and if you'll put your hand in mine, we can walk out of this discord together—and let's stay together, mad or glad."

That is one they can't resist, this stay-together theme. For women adore security. You never get the best out of a woman by making her feel that if she doesn't toe the mark you will walk out. To be sure, you'll get a good performance on the surface, but you haven't built a thing—except a vague hope that she'll find emotional security someday—and the day she makes up her mind that you won't or can't give it



to her, you are through so far as her heart and soul are concerned. For a woman never gives up searching for security. She may stay put because of social or financial convenience but you just haven't got a wife any more.

Now that is poor economy—to support a woman whose inner alignment is not going your way. Now, in the name of common sense, why let such a situation develop? Why don't you run your house, and your wife, properly? You can, you know, and it's very easy. If you have read this book at all thoughtfully you surely see how little women require, pitifully little, really.

But honestly now, women can be exasperating, can't they? They can twist a quarrel around until its sources become unknown, so that you don't know whether to apologize for coughing, swearing or sneezing, for not dancing with your hostess, or dancing too often with the twinkly-eyed visiting widow.

That mythical doghouse to which men so humorously and wryly refer, is more often than not a refuge to which to retire with your confusions.

Of course the raging wife may be a real termagant, a true Xantippe; in which case she should have her wings clipped. Or she may be a woman with a real wound or an accumulation of them to drive her to her occasional outbursts. This latter type really loves you, or you couldn't hurt her so much. Try to understand that, before you resort to the typically masculine reaction of donning hat and coat and getting out of it. Now honestly, you don't want your wife to reach the point where, in self-defense, she has to harden her heart, build a high wall around her feelings, for her fine emotions will then turn into mere physical sense. Neither a husband nor wife will suffer beyond a certain point without some change in their emotional structure.

In a quarrel with a woman who loves you, let her run

down, or at least get a lot off her chest—and then don't listen to the words lest you become angered by them. Just take her in your arms and hold her until she stops blowing off and either starts to cry or snuggle.

With your tongue in your cheek you can say, and this is a real gem, "I don't know how you put up with me."

If she makes unreasonable demands just say, "I'll try." Neither of these remarks really commits you to anything and they are guaranteed to deflate her. Should this book be read by women instead of men, I think I will have to leave the country, for the women will likely say and with some truth that they are already at disadvantage enough.

Remember that most women feel better after a good quarrel in which they have delivered themselves of some long-held-back opinions and conclusions. But remember "Sticks and stones may break my bones—but words will never hurt me" can be said only by a man with humour, real superiority and the ability to think for himself AND his perturbed spouse. If you take her mood and give her better than she sends, you have assumed a role not above a quarreling female yourself. And don't think a dignified departure comes under the heading of anything but running.

*If your wife seems to be habitually quarrelsome you may know that she—*

1. Is ill in some way and should go to a good doctor.
2. Suffers from feelings of inferiority and is shouting her wrongs in a misguided self-defense that may not basically involve you.
3. Is frustrated either in worldly ambitions or physically.
4. Is just downright mean and enjoys making scenes. And you can change her by telling her she is sweet—if you do it long enough and make it to her interest to be so. But just keep on telling her she is mean and selfish and

she will add encores, plaits and ruffles to her growing skill in meanness.

5. Has somewhere in her life acquired the habit of discontent and because you are the nearest person or interest, her unrest is hung on you. Should she divorce you, she would still complain of something else—since the subject matter has long since been actually superseded by the necessity (for habit is strong) to find the discomforts around her, to explain in detail. **THE HABIT OF DISCONTENT AND THE CONSEQUENT DIRGE AFFLICTS AS MANY MEN AS WOMEN** and if I were you I would watch for it in myself so that I could avoid it by supplanting it with the search for and the noting of what I did like in life. The habit of discontent has wrecked more marriages than any actual faults of a spouse.
6. May be an idealist at heart and has not learned how to cope with the imperfections she meets. This type needs your tenderest consideration for if you don't help her out of her rasps and agonies she may land in an institution.

Love can be an economy but hate can be disastrously expensive. And indifference can be almost as expensive as definite hate. But get the little woman pulling **FOR** you and you have some pleasant surprises when the monthly bills roll in.

Trouble is, you men actually do most of what you should do—but you do it at the wrong time, in the wrong mood. After you have wounded your wife's pride, stepped on her ego, it would take a diamond bracelet at least to get you back to par with her. So, all your sweetness and generosity usually just keep you on an even keel—out of the doghouse.

Now, by timing your kind deeds properly, by saying the right thing at the right time, there isn't such a waste of ma-

terial. Why just keep afloat? Why not make your generosity and deep devotions really get you somewhere? All good husbands do about the same things. There is a certain accepted pattern of living that costs each man about the same sum of money. What is the difference then? It's the old, time-worn "it isn't what you do but how you do it that counts."

A couple I shall call Tom and Agatha Winfield although that was not their real name built a house. It was finally erected with only a few soul scars on each and they had agreed on most matters and had decided to let the rest slide. But when it came to the grounds outside, things didn't go so smoothly. Agatha wanted to have the two hickory trees that towered over the house wired against lightning, but Tom pooh-poohed the idea. Now if he had simply said, "Oh, let's leave that till last," or "I'll talk to the insurance man about it," it might have been put off indefinitely. But no, he must ridicule her idea.

"Wire trees for lightning! Just a way to spend more money. Why, my grandfather built his house in a grove of trees and he didn't have any of them wired. You must be neurotic worrying about lightning. What you need is a vacation, not lightning rods. You've been working too hard. Getting jumpy, that's what."

"But Tom," she went on, "all the big estates around here have their trees protected."

"Well let the rich throw their money around any way they want to. To me it's nonsense. Besides if you keep on getting more nervous all the time we'll have to save our money for hospital bills."

Having practically said that she was on her way to being a mental and emotional cripple, he must now cope with the cold fury that hardened into an icy little lump deep in her breast. He couldn't see on the outside what he had done. She was so angry that she was afraid to show it, but he did

notice the cold fire that burned in her eyes, though she said nothing.

A small matter, you say. Oh but it grew to great proportions. Because she was trying to stagger on without making a scene about it, he thought it had blown over. A week later, when some neighbors told of a relative who suffered from the delusion that calamity was about to overtake him, Tom braved a wisecrack. "Agatha here has developed a fear of lightning." No one laughed.

When they were alone he asked her what was eating her and she said with icy elegance, "Agatha is developing a fear of her husband's sadistic remarks."

"So I am a sadist, am I?"

"With your superior mentality, you ought to know!"

"Is it necessary to be sarcastic?"

"Mine is a clinical observation, not a personal one. That is your field."

"Now look here, you know it's the woman who goes in for the personal."

"Really?"

"Sarcasm again."

"How long do you intend to keep this up?"

"Keep what up?"

"Well, you seem determined to quarrel, but I am bowing out. Will you please talk to yourself. I can't make heads or tails of it. I agree that I have met my master in the field of nonsense. That ought to please you. Besides I don't like your tone of voice."

"And I don't like yours," he shouted. Suddenly he turned and took her in his arms. "What's all this about?" he said, "Kiss me!"

She kissed him, or rather let him kiss her because she remembered a new rug she had bought was going to be delivered in about an hour and she wanted the delivery to go

smoothly. If he were angry he might refuse to pay for it.

The rug came. He flushed, but saw he was on a spot and paid for it and admired it with as much good grace as he could muster. But the red of anger from outraged economics stayed on his jaw and neck for hours. They spent a silent evening.

"If he'd only apologize and give me credit for the way I handled those carpenters when he wasn't here. If he'd say just one little word about the good things I do. He can't just forget this insult and act as though he hasn't said anything. Just because he's ready to drop it, he needn't think the matter is mopped up. I'm furious and I'm going to stay that way until he apologizes. He wouldn't dream of talking to a man like that. But with a woman, especially his wife, he thinks he can get away with anything. Well he can't. I'll show him that he can't get away with it. This is one time that he's got to face what he says!"

She lay for an hour thinking rapidly over and over the same words. He knew she was disturbed. He knew that he had only to say, "Dear, I'm sorry I got into that thing about your not being on the beam. Why you're the cleverest wife a man ever had. Forgive me, dear."

He knew that something like that would bring her yielding and moist-eyed into his arms, but he tried to cheat. He reached over and patted her shoulder.

"I love you, dear," he said.

"I love you," she replied lifelessly.

Silence. Each waiting for the other to say something, do something. Then he took her in his arms and she cried on his shoulder a while.

"Don't, darling, don't," he whispered, "I love you."

He drew her to him and stroked the curve of her body gently. She made no response. She was wondering how much love it took to inspire a man to simple politeness. If she

didn't rate that, she dramatically decided that she was just a medieval slave to be grateful for her master's caresses.

"He thinks he doesn't have to be fair," she thought.

It was pleasant to be in his arms, but there was no answering thrill through her being as there usually was when he held her so. Suddenly she remembered reading somewhere that anger made people sexually frigid, for the blood was in the upper body for defense.

"I'm no kitten," she said to herself angrily as his stroking continued.

As though he read her mind he suddenly stopped, pecked her on the cheek with hard lips and said in a barely audible tone of voice, "Good-night," and turned over.

"Good-night," she answered after an effort to clear her throat. Two large tears rolled out of her open eyes and moistened the pillow at her temples.

"Holding grudges," he told himself, beginning to feel himself as the injured person instead of the injurer.

"Oh, he'll work it around to where I'm the one at fault," she sobbed quietly to herself. "Why can't he apologize to me as he would to any other human being? Maybe I'm not a human being in his estimation. I'm just a toy, a female."

And the tears flowed. Tom, with that perfect male abandonment of the moment to physical demands was sleeping and quietly snoring. Agatha cried till three o'clock.

The next day, Tom tried to lift the cloud by whistling in the bathroom but Agatha was too dead asleep even to hear him. He slammed a drawer shut, dropped his suspenders on the bare floor, swore lustily, crumpled up paper off a drug-store package, strode across the room to the waste basket. Then when he was positive she was awake and aware that her Lord was about the business of their daily bread, he withdrew on tiptoe to the bathroom, dressed quietly, tiptoed out

of the room and opened and closed the bedroom door with elaborate care.

Agatha benumbed by heavy sleep roused enough only to be uncertain whether to be angry because he was inconsiderate or pleased and amused that he was such a little boy.

"He's practically a case of arrested development," she said to herself in exasperation. She remembered the failure of their slight attempt at love-making last night. "I guess this is the way people start toward divorce. Well, here I go! If I have no rights, no dignity, no position in this house, I'd just as soon be dead—much less divorced. I'm going to sit this one out."

Tôm brought Agatha some flowers home that evening. She thanked him formally. He listened with a little one-sided smile and said, "Engraved?"

"Indelibly," she replied. But the shadow was still in her eyes.

"Think I'll take a walk. Be back in a few minutes."

He went out the door somewhat awkwardly for he usually asked her to go with him to the corner tobacconist in the evening. He dropped in the drugstore and got a cellophane bag of pecans because he knew she liked them. As he gave them to her the little label fell off. He picked it up and read it, "Assorted Nuts," burst out laughing, licked it and stuck it on the head of his bed.

Agatha laughed obligingly. To herself she said, "Pale wit instead of an apology."

He sensed that matters weren't much improved, if any. He suddenly felt sorry for himself. He'd been trying hard to please her. Then his anger rose again.

"Look here, if you don't want to make up, why don't you say so? Why do you let me make a fool of myself hunny-fuggling around you, when all you want is to be haughty? You know there are places where my presence would be



appreciated. I think I'll not waste any more time. I'll go to one of them." He went toward his clothes closet.

"Well, if I can't inspire you to common politeness, I don't think my opinion of that reaction would be valued."

"So you don't care whether I go or not."

"I think you're being completely unfair, and I don't care what you do."

"So, now we come to the truth. You don't really care what I do—you just want your own way. Thanks. I won't forget that one."

He strode toward the door, opened it and went out, letting it slam behind him.

Agatha gasped. This was something new. Tom was gone. Anger dropped and fear replaced it. The house was big and frightening without him. The next instant it seemed small and closing in on her breath.

"Tom, Tom," her heart called. With incredible swiftness she was on the street calling aloud

"Tom, Tom, wait for me!"

He hesitated, then strode on. She caught up with him. "Darling, darling, I'm so sorry. It's I who should apologize for being so sensitive—and I do. I'm apologizing now, dear. I'm so sorry to make anything more important than us. I love you, darling. That's all that matters. I'll do the apologizing for both of us—anything, but I can't live without you."

Tom tried to look dignified, the triumphant male, but he was shaken by her magnanimity, no, by her love. "I don't want you to apologize," he said quietly, "I just want peace. I can't stand these scenes."

The memory of the fact that she had been quiet when he burst forth this evening was like a dash of cold water in her face, "But I—" she started and decided it wasn't important. She thought, "There's no point in trying to get justice out

of a man. I'll just love him and let him have his peculiarities."

They went to a movie, held hands. He raised her hand to his lips. Their old happiness flooded back. Back at home, they hung up their hats and coats and faced each other with foolish grins. "I love you," she said simply. He took her in his arms.

"You'd have to, to put up with me," he said with a smile. "Agatha, you're not going to make such small potatoes out of me, though. I want to apologize. I'm sorry I was such a stubborn fool. I'm really sorry—"

She smothered the rest of his words with her mouth on his. But then and there, Tom grew several inches in spiritual stature. After that, whenever it was his place to apologize, he did so. He became very proud of himself. Secretly he considered himself one with the truly great; a man who found dignity in discharging the obligations of his errors; man who could richly afford to pay up. He was pleased to discover that it cost him nothing—on the contrary he gained by it in a number of ways.

Yes, men can be led into the higher expression of themselves, and perhaps that is what wives are for. God must have known what he was doing when "Male and female created He them."

Some quarrels send us higher, some lower. Choose your own ticket, sir.



A WOMAN HAS THE MEMORY OF AN ELEPHANT. Don't think because she doesn't mention something for a couple of years that she has forgotten it. You've seen these closets with glass doors filled with implements to hack one's way through bomb wreckage or a train wreck. Well, every female has such a psychological cupboard into which she unconsciously gathers her ammunition and axes to defend herself in the future.

There are two reasons why she has built up this cupboard. One is that men are strangely unseeing where a woman's feminine quirks and desires are concerned and she wants defense of her point of view should she need it. Some women are more obvious about it than others but they all have their little cache of implements.

The second reason they save ammunition is to protect their home.

Before you get the notion that there is anything mean in this habit of ladies' storing up ammunition for the future let me explain. They want it for the basic purpose of protecting their nest and their young. Only the wife who places herself above all other considerations goes after personal security, putting it before the security of the nest.

Only where her pride has been scratched will the woman who sacrifices her own desires to those of her family hoard up fighting material or watch for a chance to get even with the male. Women instinctively know that men do not hurt them

willingly, or wittingly. It is simply that in their directness and clumsiness and lack of understanding of the female they do, more often than they know, hurt women. So, the female has learned to be wary, and to keep her powder dry, if possible.

For instance, a young couple were engaged to be married. They were handsome, well-suited to each other, and everyone thought the union an excellent one. But the man fell into some doubts. From a warmly pressing suitor, he turned into a silent watchful person whose lack of urgency was baffling to the girl, who had confessed her love and her willingness to accept him as a mate. (It must be stated that he had won these admissions from her as she was a well-brought-up, modest girl.)

For more than a year he said nothing further of marriage. The girl had her trousseau and the man continued to be evasive. He knew he was embarrassing her and that fact only added to his confusion for he was really a nice person and not a sadist. His spoken doubts as given to close friends and advisors didn't seem to have much sense to them, but he had an immovable block to any further action toward the ceremony.

While his honesty was admirable, it was small comfort to anybody during the year this girl was actually tortured by the peculiar circumstances.

The case was brought to my attention. I pointed out to the man that he had better marry the girl quickly or give her up altogether, for with each day of her trial, her pride was suffering more than it could be expected to take without retaliation, even though it be an unconscious one. This, as you know, is the hardest retaliation for a man to cope with.

She was so sweet, sincere and womanly that any retaliation from her would be unconscious. If everything went well after their marriage the scratches might heal by themselves,

but should something else in the future arise—as such things normally do—the old wound would be opened and there would be an emotional reckoning of such force that even he would be amazed. And all this could happen without any conscious effort at recrimination, the human mind and emotions being constructed as they are.

I warned the man that if he decided to marry her to be sure to make every effort to heal her smarting pride, to shower her with protestations of his undying love and frequent statements that she and only she could possibly fill his heart and his life. I urged him to explain to her over and over that the delay had been caused by his fear that he wasn't worthy of her—and truly that did have a great deal to do with it.

For let every man and every woman take warning that underlying all our dealings with other people, the emotional transaction is between two egos, and no matter how sweet, civilized or well intentioned their owners may be, these egos have a good deal of hunger and demand for self-justification, self-approval, assertion and a consuming desire to be valued. I say "consuming" advisedly for, in denying that other ego its satisfaction, you're quite likely to be consumed yourself if you aren't careful.

A man doesn't need to be stupid, he can just be unthinking and normally selfish and busy, to let a growth of tiny grudges accumulate that will—when quarrels get to be frank and bitter—show themselves as small revenges with roots as long as the years of their marriage. The memory of slights may even extend back into the courtship if he wasn't as eager a lover as the girl's pattern of her ideal and her hope led her to expect.

The easy and happy way, not only to avoid such unconscious "grudges" but at the same time to give positive happiness to his wife and himself is the extremely simple one of

feeding her ego with love and approval. Isn't it a happy circumstance that the cure of most human inharmony is not a bitter medicine or nostrum, but is the charming and bright practice of appreciating the other person, and letting him or her know about it?

I probably shouldn't tell you, but the way to get the key to your wife's cupboard of emotional ammunition is to start in appreciating her audibly. A little simple kindness, the slight gesture of graciousness in listening to her make you a perfect husband!

And that is all to your profit. While it may be a little exasperating that your wife's interest, joy and grudges alike center in little things that seem negligible to your august and practical mind, it is also to your profit that she can be satisfied with small courtesies, fragments of romance, bits of beauty.

Of course if she doesn't get the bits of beauty, and if her ideals do not remain roseate in her relations with you, she will then, and possibly rightly, decide that she'll have something of more substance, say a diamond bracelet.

This is not a commentary on diamond bracelets. I think they are very nice, but even they, wide and glittering, cannot really take the place of the little lovely things of life. Just as a matter of ordinary economics you ought to know what you can get by with in the matter of little things. So, at the risk of gaining the ire of my sex, I will tell you our weakness for inconsequential (from your point of view) details, trifles that women like.

1. Try bringing her a series of insignificant, inexpensive gifts—thumbtacks, postage stamps, or a single flower—anything to show you are thinking of her.

She'll be nonplussed, bewildered, but she'll like it. She may not like herself for liking the one flower, but she'll like your bringing it!

2. Tell her she's your ideal woman. (Oh, go on, what can it hurt?)

3. Bring home a lovely handkerchief for her occasionally.

4. Some evening, when you are reading an especially nice passage in a story get her attention and read it to her, and tell her it reminds you of her, or some place you have been together. Don't watch her face, her mouth will be open, just go on as though thinking of her or your life together was one of your major occupations.

5. Go to her at a party and lift her hand off the arm of a chair and bend over like Galahad and kiss it. (What an investment that is! You've no idea how much latitude that gesture will buy you. Quite a few lapses will be overlooked. I feel like a traitor to tell you this, but this book is for your benefit, come what may.) Not only will she flush with pleasure over your gallantry, she will take it as a personal compliment, if she is an American. She will be pleased that you were so attentive and polite to her in public. And if you repeat the gesture at home where no one else can see, she will be convinced that you are the most charming husband in the world. Why don't you try it some time?

6. Buy her violets in the spring. Spring flowers are irresistible. If you are situated so you can get them with your own hands so much the better. I wept over a box of trailing arbutus that a beau of mine in the north sent me, for I knew he had climbed mountains to get it.

Dear, dear I suppose I should explain that "wept," for to a man tears mean sorrow. A woman weeps just as often for joy or beautiful sentiment, as she does for pain. You may know this, but anyway you must know it. Remember in *Life With Father* when Father gives Mother a ring and tells her he's loved her every minute they've been married, she asks him to repeat it and then bursts out crying. Bewildered, he stares ahead of him and says, "Now, what have I done?"

7. Take her to the movies and hold hands. She'll be embarrassed but she'll love it.

8. Go to church with her, and take the hymnbook out of her hands, holding yours for her to sing by.

9. Occasionally say, "I don't want to go without you." She will secretly be very proud of that remark.

10. Tell her you don't understand how a woman could be so good and so exciting at the same time.

These are just samples of the light acts and remarks that will keep a gleam of romance and content in your wife's eye. There are thousands of others to draw upon.

When you come in in the evening, look up your wife and kiss her before you've put your hat and coat away. A friend of mine told me that that one act on her husband's part kept her feeling happy in her marriage. She felt that if a man couldn't wait to hang up his hat before he had greeted her, she was indeed living a great romance. Now can you imagine anything easier? Think of the solid comfort, the joy and happy home her husband bought for that little gesture. I knew this couple. They were very happy. The wife made her husband's happiness her one big job in life, and his small gestures of caring netted him enormous returns.

A woman will gather the bright threads of her life with you and weave them glorified into a dream of living that would surprise even you, if you could see what she can do with the slight material available for dreams. But you have to give her at least something to go on. With half a chance she will add glory to the most prosaic life.

And it works the other way, too. She'll remember the little hurts and slights and come out with them when you least expect it. One woman I know never did forgive her husband for forgetting her one rainy night. It happened this way. There was a gathering of couples for bridge one evening. When they started home it was raining and this woman's



husband had the only car there. With an umbrella he went back and forth up the walk and brought each lady down to the car. He took several loads of them home with their husbands. On the last trip he got everybody else in the car and left his wife standing on the porch behind the curtain of rain. As the last lady got out of the car she whispered, "I think you left your wife."

He went back with every plausible excuse he could think of but she never forgot it or forgave it. I can well understand that no woman would relish being forgotten anywhere, but by one's own husband! The human mind can present some embarrassing lapses at times that have little to do with one's real desire and intent, but do try to direct your forgetfulness to men. They don't seem to mind so much. One of the major crimes in marriage is to forget an anniversary or a repeated request.

To be remembered! It is very important to a woman. Men like it, but it is practically necessary to women. A certain profligate husband who was everything that was undesirable in a man, deserted his family and ran away. His wife never remarried, never divorced him. Instead she seemed to forgive him everything, explaining his worst faults as something beyond his control. I couldn't understand her sweetness toward him until I learned that on the anniversary of the day they met, he had always communicated with her. Sometimes a picture postcard would arrive from some far place with just his nickname scrawled across it. For a series of postcards he bought this woman's life!

Such a story may be a commentary on the brain power of women. But it is more than that a reminder of the power for beauty and loyalty in the feminine breast. With all too little of it in the world today, why not tap this great reservoir? All humanity would find it nourishing.

A cousin of mine down South has always been very senti-

mental about charming gateways and the reason is that the night she met her husband they walked in a flower garden and stopped at a honeysuckle gate to talk. Under that arch he had said, "Can't we be more than friends?"

They unconsciously adopted the gateway as the symbol of their love. They have gateways in pictures, in ivory miniatures, even as a design on china. One might call such sentiment the *décor* of the heart. Without it a marriage is as bare as a room without furniture. And with it a hovel becomes a palace.

It may seem a little rococo in a world of strife and facts and necessity, but wait till you're older when you'll be sitting with the younger members of your family, your eyes closed, and see how you'll treasure your memories of little beauties. They'll think you're dozing; only you will know you're dreaming of the charming little thing of the past.

I don't know how they manage it, but women have a two-way mind. I mean they seem to talk a great deal about the unpleasant trifles, and yet they remember in the end only the nice ones. When a woman is widowed, it is as though an ink eradicator had whitened all the red and black entries of her husband's tortuous way and faults. Last month she may have confided to you how exasperating or even heart-breaking he can be. But from the moment she dons her widow's weeds he is completely absolved of human fault and she will look you squarely in the eye with apparently no memory of what she has said before. He is now the finest husband that ever lived. He would hardly recognize himself if he could hear this paeon of his perfections. This gives you some clues to women's basic preference for remembering the nice things.

But from their complaints of the living, you gather that some lubricant is needed to smooth the frictions of daily life. By some logic of her own a woman gets any situation around

to the premise that if her husband really loved her he would cease doing a number of small irritating acts and consider her feelings more.

I don't think a man should allow himself to be pushed around by any woman merely intent on having her own way. But there are lots of small things a man can do or stop doing that will make his wife a happier woman.

After all, many little things are important if they contribute to the smoothness of the household, ease of operation of household tasks or better relations with servants, tradesmen and neighbors. Would you imagine that a wife would fasten upon a small habit of her husband's and let it become a real issue between them! I was once visiting in a house where the host, a very charming man, would come in from business, speak to everyone in the house, and talk to the guests until the dinner was announced. Then he would disappear and go to wash his hands. His wife had let this habit get on her nerves until she almost had a breakdown.

"Why must he wait until a meal is announced and keep everybody waiting while he goes in the opposite direction? He pays the bills. He knows that grocers have delivered food, that servants have prepared it, that I want to serve the food just at the right moment. But the announcement of a meal is just a cue for him to run in the opposite way!"

He was always apologetic and always said the same thing—"Please go on without me."

Well, a table without the host is hardly a table. The whole party of guests and family would stand about and wait. His wife had to have relief from this pressure which had assumed gigantic proportions in her nervous system, so each year she took a vacation alone at an expensive place. It cost him actually about a thousand dollars a year to wash his hands after a meal was announced!

All anybody can say is, "Why couldn't he cooperate with

the routine of the house a little more, make his wife a happy woman, save himself a lot of money and keep the people in the kitchen in a better humor!"

His wife has erroneously concluded that he didn't really care about her at all to deny her this simple little thing, when she devoted herself to his comfort and interests all day. She became a bitter woman, her life, otherwise picturesque, was ashes to her.

Men have many advantages socially. However charming a woman may be as a hostess, she can never equal a delightful host. A man as natural head of his house can give his guests a far greater feeling of welcome, fun and warmth. And he can do it with fewer gestures and much less fuss than a woman can.

Just why he has slipped into the secondary position as host in the average American home is something to wonder about. Perhaps he has been lazy about performing his duties as host. And perhaps too the American wife has taken advantage of his sloth and worked herself up to top position. If the American home is tottering as an institution, this is one of the reasons. When any business has the wrong executive at its head there is going to be a lot of tangle in it, and it will be far harder to keep it going.

Why has he been so insensible to his duties as host? Well, much has been said, written and pictured on the theme that men, without any effort on their part are to be fascinated, wooed by the female with every artifice and lure, from the right soap and shampoo to the cut of her dress and the length of her lashes. The male has been advertised into believing that he doesn't have to do anything in marriage but be fascinated and entertained, and if he doesn't like the fascination and entertainment he gets he can move on to fairer fields. I think American men are wonderful to be the excellent husbands they are under the circumstances.

When this good-looking, talented, healthy, clever American man really decides to be the host in his house he is almost always a startling success. There is a quality in the welcome a man gives at his own house that no woman can approach. There is a substance in his hospitality never felt in the house where a woman holds forth alone or instead of him. There are thousands of effective, charming hostesses, but they have to work at it so much harder than a man does and can never achieve the same result in warmth.

In fact a hostess is never so effective as when her husband is doing his part. He can color the occasion with the full flavor of hospitality in its finest sense. If he doesn't there is something missing that no music, food or gaiety can supply.

At no point can a man get so very much for so very little as in this matter of taking his position as host in his house. Everything about a house is a build-up for him. In the theater, playwright and stage director combine their efforts to make the presence of the star important. Scenes are built up and then the star takes the center of the stage and walks away with the honors. Psychologically that is what the host does—and what he should do.

All too many men leave the matter of entertaining entirely to their wives who, it must be said, carry on extremely well, but not so well as they could with even a little cooperation from their husbands. So the whole effect of the household, the family status and reputation suffers. It is more than foolish for a man to throw away the reputation of hospitality and the most attractive impress of his personality by avoiding his job as host. What a pity when he goes into his study and doesn't put in an appearance—at even the children's parties.

Children grow up in a surprisingly few years. If they remember him as a great host he becomes a great man. There is something about a man's being charming in his own house that people never forget. He may be rich or poor, he may

be a light or an intellectual heavyweight. He may accomplish much or little, but nothing will spread his fame like being an adequate host.

And what a snap it is for him. His wife gets the party ready. It is she who has arranged for whatever food and decorations there will be. (Although the host who is a virtuoso will develop some plans of his own in time.) All that is truly required of him is that he look fairly tidy and greet his guests warmly, with that smile we have talked so much about, give them a drink, introduce them to somebody or induce them in some way of his own contrivance to talk. He may talk until he loosens their thoughts and tongues, or he may use the direct question method, but he does get guests talking. He and his wife will cooperate on this and all points.

They will, if they are wise, bring each other out in the ways that each shines best. She will lead up to his stories and then ask him to go on. He will accidentally on purpose run into the subject or story his wife should tell and turn it over to her adroitly. And let me tell you this is the acid test of civilized thinking, for few people have disciplined themselves where they will give up the floor when they have it and know the story that is up to be told! But there is pleasure in doing so, after the first try.

A clever husband will never interrupt his wife to correct the inaccuracies in her conversation until they are alone together later. He makes his wife appear as clever as possible—as only then can she be a credit to him.

The excellent host is like a man manipulating marionettes on strings. He can manipulate them in any direction, and make them say what he wants them to say at times. Until he dies everyone who enters his house whether it be a tent or a castle cannot help looking to him as host. Every attractive and heart-warming word or act brings an exaggerated profit to him. And his wife has to work very hard to fill up

the echoing void he leaves when he is not an active host. So don't leave it to your wife. If you do your part, you will be surprised at the result for yourself and for her.

And, I hesitate to tell you this because it gives you a kind of unfair advantage, when you are an adequate host and that means an attractive one, your house will be spoken of as yours, instead of hers. Where the woman is the hostess and the man lies down on his job people say, "Oh, let's go over to Phoebe's house." When the man is a proper host making even a few gestures that establish his position, they then say, "Let's go over to John's house." The ideal is, of course, when they cooperate as a team so that their names then are used alternately or together as "Phoebe and John's house."

Take your position as host in your own house and it will add to your importance more than anything else you can do. You are then master!

There is a type of woman, who in all probability, would have found something else wrong to suffer about if her husband is not a good host. Discontent can easily become a habit that one hangs on first one peg and then another.

A man should be sure that he isn't blaming his wife for all of his life's dissatisfactions, and a woman should examine her emotions carefully to see that she isn't laying at her husband's door a great deal of blame that doesn't really belong there. It is so easy and usual to fall into that habit.

It is often just an accumulation of small resentments that makes a woman and a man think their marriage is wrong. Usually it can be straightened out and made very comfortably cozy if they'll just be frank with each other in a civilized way.

Why not sit down together occasionally and make bargains with each other. Why not tell your wife that you will correct one thing that bothers her if she will also correct one thing that irritates you? It really is hard for a man to see why his

wife should object to his doing some things, but if she is going to be a good sport and yield a point too they are beginning to get somewhere. They'll get the little things ironed out.

Perhaps you want your wife to be tidier at breakfast, and she wants you to remove your coat and hat and hang it up instead of throwing it down in the hall. Why not make a bargain? Not a hard bargain that each will watch like a cat at a mouse-hole, but simply as an expression of a desire to please each other. When two people get really interested in each other's comfort and happiness a little bit of heaven begins to gleam through to earth.

It is seldom the major faults or difficulties that separate people. It is the little things. It is almost never the big successes and great gifts that hold people together. It is the little things.

If enough little satisfactions and joys can be gathered together they will knit a marriage into the tightest bond in the world. People fall in love over some little bit of enchantment, a perfume, a look, a gesture, some detail of expression, a trick of voice, some unusual thoughtfulness. And they fall out of love tripping over trifles.

In the life of a young married couple of our acquaintance whose life together started with such great promise, we find them today rescuing their happiness from a hail of little things. Some of their items of resistance arise from their intense devotion to each other. If you love someone greatly it is almost impossible not to make excessive demands, or at least to expect a performance of near-perfection. Great love eventually comes to understand the other's weaknesses and loves just the same. It isn't a question of genuine emotion, it is rather a matter of balance, that so-difficult balance, in giving and taking.

I know one woman who thought she wanted to divorce



her husband. It was discovered that she was ill and in her jangled physical state the little things that a well person would pass over with a laugh, were matters to hurt and to make into a great issue. She recovered her health, stayed with her husband and, with a little adjusting on his side too, they are living happily together.

Other family troubles, the menopause, fatigue, many outside matters can make us think that our marriage is at fault. But that is only human and one or the other of the married pair should always have this fact in mind, so he can remind the other one. By not rasping each other in little ways that they can if they will correct, they can help their marriage over any rough spots and reap the wonderful blessing of finding consolation in their oneness when and if the rest of the world seems out of key.

Marriage can be a shelter, a haven, a blessed state when it is in proper working order. When the world rebuffs one, it is heavenly to be sure of one's place in one certain heart and mind. When one is weary in mind and body it is sheer bliss to crawl into the arms of one's beloved, secure, safe, soothing.

Don't let little things become a menace. Keep them cleared away. Don't carry grudges. Forget about "getting even" when you are miffed. But don't become a door-mat either.

Don't belittle your wife, no matter how amusing it seems to you, and don't permit her to belittle you. Some women are good at that poisonous practice. Just say, "My dear, I know I'm not perfect and any other sensible person knows that about me without any of the gory details from you. Suppose you just let them imagine what my faults are. Let's wash our soiled linen in the laundry."

Ridiculing your husband will net you ridicule in the end. Remember Marie Antoinette. Who knows but that her ridicule of her Louis and her permitting other people to do so

for laughs, hastened her own destruction. History might have had a different turn if Louis had not been a laughing matter.

And be doubly sure that you do not, even in little ways, hold her weaknesses up for laughs. It is easy to slide into this pernicious habit in a gay group of young married people. But when the story at one or the other's expense seems funniest, just stop in the middle of your delicious laughter to remind yourself that you are being a bit of a fool for you are working against yourself.

Above all, refrain from little remarks that indicate that she is always at fault in this matter before you. A momentary mistake is one thing—and no one minds being corrected in a good-natured way for a single remark or act—but don't loftily make it seem that you have to keep your nitwit in line or heaven knows where she'd land.

Take your wife by the hand and make a solemn pact with her and make her promise you that neither of you will ever hold the other one up to ridicule in public and that means before your closest friends. With that same grip of the hands promise each other that you will defend each other from your errors in public, say the understanding, extenuating words that will make you appear the harmonious unit you meant to be when you stood so to be married.

And before you let go, make that promise that you will defend each other and present a solid front to the children and servants, if any, as well. A woman never forgets the times her husband undermines her authority with her children, weakens her influence by laughing at her for a fool or by correcting her orders to servants as though she didn't know what she was talking about.

The bridge table presents a particular temptation to let go with cutting remarks when your wife doesn't play to suit you. But her physical and mental condition may differ from yours. You slept through Juniors upset in the night. You

were at your office or business doing routine matters with the right people and efficient tools to help you. But your wife's mind may have been torn in a dozen different directions before she dressed to come to the bridge party. Here is your chance to be really superior and to say what you have to say very sweetly and politely or just with ordinary human decency and kindness. She doesn't WANT to play the wrong card, and your lofty, rude exasperation when she does, doesn't teach her a thing about bridge. It only teaches her that you are an unsympathetic boor, willing to grind down with a heel when you have it well-placed.

Numberless times I have seen it work out well for two couples to get together to perfect their bridge, and to take hands apart, discuss the bidding of them together until the snags in the wives' game were combed out. They agree before they start this will be an evening of polite discussion. It's amazing how civilized a good player can become. One would think that a brain that could be so expert at a game of thinking, would also be clever enough to understand the value of bolstering a wife's morale when she has a job of thinking to do. Yet, that isn't the way the average male's great brain works. But any number of them do become gentlemen. Next to the wheel of an automobile, thirteen cards in the hands of an expert present one of the greatest menaces to civilized behavior.

Any one thing that is a bone of contention or a menace to harmony in a marriage can be approached by any couple, as the bridge game just mentioned, and solved, before it can do real damage. In fact this is something that should be done to assure a happy home. And before you agree to get a divorce, try ironing out each item that has presented difficulties. You see, these little things make a cleavage in the very feeling of being married. When people are on the de-

fensive or offensive with each other how can they feel that delicious oneness that is the essence of marriage?

Once that cleavage is there something comes along sooner or later that upsets the whole thing. Believe me, the trouble is not the last thing that happened, the blonde, or the desire to get away from it all. The trouble is a lot of little hurts that ploughed the ground for the big thing. Patch up the little hurts, comb out the little rasps and you will be astonished at the swiftness with which the magic of your marriage will return. A marriage is supposed to make ONE out of two. When you remain TWO, when you don't support each other as a unit before the world, the flesh and the devil, then you really aren't married. A divorce is just an accessory after the fact. It's up to you to make this marriage a UNIT.

The love that dictates the oneness born of civilized unselfishness will make you strong, and will not only keep your marriage on an even keel, it will enrich you until your lives become a magnet for all kinds of harmony. Remember "the enemy from without is powerless against the man with no chinks in his own armor."

Don't correct each other in story-telling. It's very boring to listeners for a husband to stop a good story to change Monday to Friday, or to make 500,000 into 287,000 point five. If your wife has that unfortunate habit of interrupting your stories for corrections of unimportant parts of the tale, just tell her if she does it again, that you'll do it too. The facts in telling stories socially aren't one-tenth as important as the point involved or the tenor of the story.

It's good teamwork to ask each other for numbers and facts when telling a story and of course that puts a harmonious face on the two-way telling. In fact one of the best ways to acquire the reputation of being a charming couple is to draw each other out in conversation, instead of each trying to grab the floor, or to leave the other one on his own

entirely. In your reputations, it is just as in the marriage—it's the little things that decide the issue.

The people across the way were going to give a party. The husband came in with little time to dress before the guests arrived. He had stopped at the drugstore for cigarettes and a package of nuts. He also bought some razor blades and shaving cream. He opened the package in the hall and sent the party things to the rear by the maid who had a great many things to do. The paper and string were left in the hall as he carried off his own purchases. His wife saw them as she crossed the door on the way to the bathroom. She called to her husband to please get them out of sight. She took her shower and coming back down the hall she saw them still there.

"Aren't you going to get that paper out of the hall, dear?" she called.

"I said I would," was the reply.

"I didn't hear what you said, honey, but please get it out before the guests come."

"I will," he said somewhat emphatically.

She was hurrying with her dressing and thought out loud, "I don't see why you left it there in the first place. You know it musses up the hall and it looked so nice."

"I said I'd get it out," he repeated as though trying to control himself.

"What time is it?" she inquired.

"I'm hurrying and I'll pick up the paper. Now just put your mind on something else."

She tried to dismiss it from her thoughts. She dressed carefully and was pleased with her reflection. It was just about time now to fix the canapés. They're never nice when they're made too far ahead she repeated to herself everytime she made them. She called to her husband who was dressing in their son's room, "How are you coming?"

"Fine. I'll be out in a little."

She glanced at the clock but couldn't remember whether it was fifteen minutes slow or fast. She hurried on toward the kitchen. Her look of admiration for the flowers in the living room turned to a frown as she saw the paper and string still in the hall. She went toward them to pick them up, but stopped half way and went on to the rear of the house. He said he'd pick them up and he was sharp about it, so let him do it. After all they're his friends and if he wants them to see the house littered with paper, it's up to him. (The little sting in his early impatience was her cue to leave it to him. If he'd been clever he'd have said in the first place, "I won't have time, honey, please do it for me, there's a good girl. Don't know what I'd do without you." She'd have done it and smiled and thought him a big harum-scarum boy, but that rising temper in his voice—that fixed things—just a LITTLE tone of voice!)

Guests began to arrive. He still wasn't quite ready—couldn't find the shirt he wanted to wear. She ignored the paper and received as graciously as usual. Later a pale-witted guest picked up the paper and string and remarked, "Something new in decoration? Or is Christmas closer than I knew?"

She smiled sweetly. "Something of my husband's, I guess."

When the guests were gone he turned to her in a rage and said, "You could have picked up that paper."

She replied, "You could have been polite about it."

He shrugged. "Oh, well, I guess they've seen paper and string before."

She looked meditative. He asked, "What are you thinking?"

"I was wondering what you would have said if I had been the one to leave the hall littered up."

"You WERE the one who left it littered up."

At this they both burst out laughing, for it had suddenly struck them that they were skirting a quarrel about a piece of paper and string—a quarrel that might mar the wonderfulness of their being together. But the laughter dissipated the strain. Once more the menace of little things was brushed aside. I hope they will always be as wise. They told me this story themselves, proud of the fact that they were clever enough not to fall into the trap that little things set for the unwary.

So don't wait for something big to happen before you start protecting your happiness. Begin now to keep the little things straight. Don't let them start to accumulate.

One of the things that a woman will store up in her cupboard for future reference is an uncomplimentary mention you may make of her family or her friends. You may be correct in what you say, just the same it is a scratch to her pride and one day that little prick added to some more scratches will mount into a sizable resentment. Why not make a rule of not saying anything to your wife and not using a tone of voice that you wouldn't like to hear directed to yourself. That is a very good yardstick to measure by.

Before you wish that your wife weren't so sensitive, remember that her sensitiveness shows itself in conscientious attention to your comfort, in acute awareness of your presence, your moods, and perhaps is responsible for much that you like about her. If she didn't respond to little things, your house might not be so well run. She might not have that eye for beauty in music, art or nature that makes her so splendid a companion if she weren't keenly alive to little things.

If she isn't thus nicely sensitive I suggest that you try to cultivate such sensibility in her, by example, calling her attention to small and lovely things. You'll be making a good investment, for once she gets to attending to the trifles that

make life charming, you are headed for a high happiness—IF you cooperate.

It's your great protection in a way. When you come home, when you turn to your wife at any time, shut the world out of your mind and with her responses you two can create a lovely world of your own and there find respite from all else. You can create whatever kind of a home you want, if you will find a way to do it together, and build on the premise of having the trifles of life, like straws in the wind, all headed the way you want them to go.

Little mannerisms that are irritating or rude should be eliminated, not grudgingly, for it's quite likely that if she finds them objectionable they are a detriment to you out in the world. Instead of resisting a wife's suggestions to mannerisms or manners, I should think a man would use her as a kind of a barometer to register what he can expect in the way of social acceptance out in the world.

It's easy to pick up small mannerisms that denote absent-mindedness, or even senility, so Gellet Burgess says in his amusing book *Look Eleven Years Younger*. Why don't you and your wife, instead of making it a touchy subject spend some time actually going over these details about each other and being frank and just AND considerate in what you say, really get some profit out of it. Why is it that we don't want to use the opinions of our loved ones, when they have our good at heart more than anyone in the whole world! It's really a business matter and you should make a profit out of it. Of course there is such a thing as tact and kindness. You can say almost anything if you will preface it with a just compliment!

A very delightful man we know is left out often because he has the strangest way of scratching his head at the table immediately after he has told a story or made a point in talk. His wife is distressed about it, but he won't pay any



attention to her. He thinks it isn't important. It is all but revolting. It actually affects their whole lives, because there aren't many hostesses who went to behold at a lovely table a man with his fingers on his scalp! Just a careless, thoughtless mannerism. If I were a man I would compel my wife to iron out my idle mannerisms that might be really a detriment to me socially and in business too! But the average man doesn't want them mentioned! He isn't getting his money's worth.

The long list of idle fumbling and fingering are things we aren't always aware of ourselves. The silverware fiddlers, the button twisters, the folders and creasers of the edges of things, the nose pullers, the ear rubbers aren't always conscious of their acts and cannot know how objectionable they look.

Again these little things can add up to big things—they are really big things already in their far-reaching effect on our lives. Use your wife's talent for details, her social sense, her intuition. Put her to work for you. It won't bemean or belittle you if you go at it properly. Actors and public performers pay coaches huge sums to help them put a part across. Why do they go to a coach? They already know acting and every principle the coach knows. They go to him or her for judgment and criticism, because they cannot see themselves.

The silliest little woman has a talent for appearances that is almost unbelievable considering how little of it she may apply to herself. If I were a man I'd be using all that she knows, but I'd make her understand that she wasn't lord of all she surveyed because of it. She is doing a job for you and herself. Her job for which she's fitted by nature. Make her attend to the little things for you.



## THE TWELVE POUND LOOK

(With apologies to Sir James Barrie)

THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PAN" AND OTHER fantasies once gave us a piece out of real life. It was an English sketch written for Ethel Barrymore who played it magnificently. The title, *The Twelve Pound Look*, did not refer to a gaze heavy with ire, but rather meant a certain wistful look that an unhappily married woman gave a typist's machine which to her meant an independent livelihood.

"How much did you have to pay for that machine?" she asked the typist.

"Twelve pounds," the visiting secretary replied. And the wife's gaze took on that dreaminess of one who is thinking of fair fields far away—freedom, laughter, companionship.

As Kathleen Norris says, "Every married woman has at least once said to herself, 'I'd rather be dead than married to this man!'"

In this chapter we will discuss the errant wife as well as the one who has within herself decided that her marriage is no go and is plotting to get out of it. And in both of these circumstances the full and splendid nobility of the male shows itself more often than not.

Having practically created his own torture rack, he nevertheless willingly steps up and pays and pays and pays. The man who reneges on the support of his marital and parental mistakes is a very rare being. In fact the way the whole human race reacts to unfortunate conditions is a testament to a

spark of divinity within. People are more wonderful than anybody!

Take the Browns. They had had a long courtship lasting for years. They certainly should have known all about each other. But somehow they had never discussed their respective ideas on what a home was for—they had seen each other dressed for public appearance only and had had restaurant parties and courting conversation in all that time.

The minute they were married and settled in the house they had built together the differences in their use of that house became apparent. She, being a great reader of home-making and style magazines, wanted her house to be a veritable fashion plate. Home to him, meant a place where he could be supremely comfortable without regard to appearances. He was fond of good music and could sit down at the piano or the victrola and lose himself in excellent music even though the room might be in a *plait*, as Southerners used to say. To see a man in his shirt sleeves and tousled hair sitting playing the piano in a room strewn with newspapers, cigarette ashes, hats, coats, wrapping paper, etc., almost made her ill. She spent four years trying to get him to reform. He paid little attention to her reactions until she got furiously angry, then he'd try to laugh her out of it, go downtown and bring her back a box of candy. But it was no joking matter to her. She became so critical and resentful that she could hardly bear him to touch her. He had no idea of the extent of her repulsion and was only bewildered when his smiles and quips and compliments had no effect.

She developed an unmistakable "twelve pound look." It took her another year to realize that for a long time she had wanted "out." He was crushed, absolutely crushed, for about three weeks, and then amiably gave her what she asked—and it was more than a "twelve pound look" his lawyer gave him

when he made the settlement for their divorce. It cost him many, many pounds. It costs any man a lot!

Considering the reasons why people marry, it is amazing that there are so many happy marriages. The neighbors can see with the naked eye that most of their friends who are courting are badly suited to each other, but the two people in the throes of the attraction that makes one forget all else can't see anything except the gleam in the other's eye.

Love is like lightning (and like lightning can strike in the same place more than once) in that its direction is unpredictable. And certainly no one would want to advocate loveless, sensible arrangements—the percentage of failure is as great in that type of marriage as in the blind romance—and the former miss all the reckless fun and glamorous adventure. But it would be nice if people could manage to form violent attachments to those people whose tastes are somewhat similar to theirs.

And having married with one's head in a cloud, a pink and rosy one we hope, it seems illogical to suppose that common sense will assert itself and provide automatically the necessary practical adjustments.

But the saving factor in all of this is that it is entirely possible for two people to adjust to each other and, if there is any basis of attraction in the first place, work out their differences in a mature willingness to give and take until the path with each other is smooth. But such a desire calls upon unselfishness, love, good sportsmanship and the instinct of the builder to make life as one wishes it to be.

Fortunately, the challenge of it attracts thousands of couples who decide that they are going to make a harmonious marriage their first aim in life. I remember a woman who was the mother of ten children. She came to help with the house cleaning once, and she asked if she could have some of our flowers to take to her husband who was ill in a hospital.

"I go to see him every day," she said. "He always comes first with me."

I was interested as any young girl would be and pressed her with questions. "Does he come first before your children?" I asked.

"He certainly does," she smiled, "and the children understand that. He's my mate, my companion and let me tell you that is the most important thing on earth. The children will have to find their own mates and companions. We just do for them what we can, but he is first with me, and I am first with him. We decided this when the first baby was born and we've never changed it. It makes the children mad sometimes but I think they like it just the same."

She was a poor woman, but how rich was her life! The look of pride and success in her goal gave her a fine dignity. She had no patience with women who want to leave their husbands every time something goes wrong. "They're light-headed, that's what," was her opinion.

Suppose we go over some of the reasons why women get that "twelve pound look." And see what can be done about them. Oddly enough infidelity is not the chief cause of women's wanting out, though it certainly takes its toll.

After talking and reading endlessly to get the facts, they line up about this way:

- |                       |  |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. Indifference       | How easy to fix that one.                    |
| 2. Ill humor          | That's up to you, too.                       |
| 3. Bad manners        | Certainly fixable.                           |
| 4. Poor grooming      | Some people don't read the ads.              |
| 5. Unappreciativeness | Can't you say "thank you"?                   |
| 6. Too little talk    | She'd like to think you enjoy her society.   |
| 7. Too much talk      | She'd like to have a chance to say a little. |
| 8. Stinginess         | Generosity commands admiration.              |
| 9. Poverty            | It needn't throw you.                        |
| 10. Infidelity        | The last straw, of course.                   |

A little self examination before starting out on your work as wife charmer will not come amiss, so what ABOUT YOU, SIR—

1. Are you grumpy in the morning? It's positively poisonous to start the day with growls. A good antidote is to sing, even with a frog in your voice. It isn't the music, it's the mood that matters.

2. Do you kiss your wife good-bye in the mornings? It seems a small matter but it's important to your relationship.

3. Are there certain special days you send or take her flowers? There should be important days to remember for the sentiment of your marriage. She isn't a mind reader and the flowers are proof that the memory you have of that day is a sweet one worth marking by this special observance. Such gestures build up a great strength against encroaching discord and build harmony between you.

4. Do you remember that your wife likes entertainment? Do you bring amusing friends home, or amusing stories? When you are reading do you say, "Listen to this—" and share some clever paragraph with her? Do you take her out once in a while in a way that makes her feel you regard her as quite a lady? Do you take her dancing once in a while? You should as long as both of you can stand on your feet.

5. Do you blame her for things she can't help—the mistakes of laundrymen, cleaners, painters and radio men? Service has been so poor that it is hard to understand why it couldn't have been a little better, but it isn't her fault. Even though it's better now she will remember your unjust harangues. Why not tell her even now that you understand how it was? She'll appreciate it.

6. It will please her for you to come by the market and buy some of the food for the house—even some of the things you like, as well as things that she likes. It shows your inter-

est in your house and your life together. It's a good play that raises your score.

7. Don't, for heaven's sake, be Godlike when you deliver opinions, ultimatums, etc. That brings out all the mule in her. She will wait until she finds you in error and watch for your weaknesses. Why should you be godlike in your dictation—she's your partner isn't she? Treat her like one.

8. Don't make her ask for money. Don't wait until she hasn't a cent and has to ask you for the money to run the house or to get the children's school things, or a new coat or whatever. You know the need as well as she does. What do you do when you hold off as long as possible but store up resentment and rebellion, open or otherwise, by making her ask for the means to carry on? If she has any pride she'll be uncomfortable and feel undignified always to have her hand out. You'll pay for it in other ways. If you break her pride, what have you left?

9. As a social unit, the two of you constitute a partnership, and that means financial as well as in other ways. Your wife is entitled by justice moral and temporal to half of what you have. It is shocking to other people of sound social instincts to see a wife treated like an employee who can be fired and sent away with a suitcase. So there is nothing to lose and much to gain by establishing your finances and holdings on that sound moral and legal basis. With the sure evidence of your trust and respect she relaxes and is better able to serve you in all the ways at her command. If she leaves you have to share with her anyway according to law unless you are a trickster. So why not have the peace, dignity and credit for trust and generosity besides? Financial partnerships are seldom torn up. They succeed more often than they fail.

10. Don't be slovenly around her. You don't look any more attractive to her when you are mussed up than she does to you. Don't, under the guise of intimacy, offend her with

a too careless array of soiled clothes, etc. Don't go around in suspenders and shirt sleeves unless you are willing to live by the dull and dowdy second-rate and half-undressed look of exposed suspenders. If you don't want to wear a coat then put on clothes that are a complete costume without a coat, such as sports shirts.

11. Surprise her occasionally by asking her opinion. If she is shy or dull, she will feel a new thrill of importance. If she is opinionated, and too aggressive, your simple and quiet request will actually tone her down. She will be pleased with the sensation of not having to impose her opinions or shout to get them across. People aren't likely to shout when they really feel important. Try it.

Almost every story of separation can be laid to a combination of these factors. Yet, looking carefully over that list of major calamity causes one can't help seeing that all of them are preventable, and that not one of them is absolutely inevitable. Nor are they necessarily permanent where they do occur. Here is concrete evidence that every marriage, however ill-fated it may seem to start with—or on what reefs it may seem to be wrecked—can be worked out somehow, since none of the reasons why it must fail are fixed in the firmament.

A marriage is like life itself, fluid, becoming, adjustable, doable, fixable. We are mistaken when we say, "After all that's been done and said, we could never go back together." Most of the time each partner fears the vindictiveness of the other after matters have reached and passed the unpleasant stage. And truly, all too often each one is likely to be plotting to bring the other one to heel—instead of to heart.

When one has suffered at the hands of another person it is human, I suppose, to want to make that other one suffer too. And in the throes of emotional stress, one's idea of making the other person suffer can be shocking and sadistic—some-



thing that in calmer moments will bring the blood pounding in the cheeks for shame. Hence the wisdom of that "cooling-off period" advocated by many divorce courts. There is, of course, that occasional completely vindictive person who should and probably will be divorced.

But a stitch in time, as the old saying goes, can be taken when that "twelve pound look" first starts to show in the corner of the little woman's eye. Maybe you don't care either. Maybe that's what you would tell yourself, and possibly tell me if I could call your attention to the moment when and if your wife starts thinking how nice it would be to be "out."

It's hard for the unthinking male to realize, that after a girl has used all the fascinations, wiles and charms so widely advertised in the magazines in her effort to snare him, that he has anything to do after that but watch her continue her charms. Poor soul! That's where his work as a charmer begins, if he did but know it.

I remember at a New Thought testimonial night one woman got up to testify to the power of the mind when applied to human affairs. She said she had wanted a husband and started concentrating and working on it mentally. "I got him," she said. "It worked. I got him in a year—but using the same laws of mind, it took me three years to get rid of him."

Yes, after a woman has proved to herself and the community that she can have a man march up the aisle with her, she then unconsciously weighs him against the lures of what the modern world has to offer in the way of delights and beguilements; and looking back at him from the perspective of having lived with him a number of years, he often isn't one of those delights.

Or, in some cases she, after getting him, find that he then subsides into a kind of pattern of living in which she is just

a little scroll on the edges. She sweeps up the pieces of her dream, after she has finished crying, and carries them to a judge, and if he can't see how they will fit back together, he throws them in the waste basket.

But the ordinary instance is the one in which the couple, much in love at the beginning, find themselves the victims of a certain amount of ordinary human cussedness. After the honeymoon, Algernon, waiting overlong for Althea to get dressed, lets go with a little sarcasm. Feeling herself to be at fault she doesn't say anything the first time. Algernon is probably surprised himself that he got away with that one. So it's easier the next time—and he adds a little more. This time she scowls, or sulks and he may ask her what's the matter, but he can't help feeling a little exhilarated by his success in a new field—riding the feelings of someone who either can't or won't talk back. He can't help trying unconsciously to see how far he can go—how much she will take. Of course she finally explodes over some trifling jab, and he is thunder-struck at her fury. In injured innocence he asks himself how such a little humorous remark should bring out so much venom.

Down in his heart he knows it wasn't that last remark, but all the others too that caused the worm to turn—and what a worm, and what a turning! He takes refuge in that old one about the female being more deadly than the male. Honestly, that one is worn to death, isn't it?

Now by this time, both of them have seen something of the seamy side of each other. She knows he can push hard with sarcasm, and he knows she has a temper. It's hard to get back to that roseate state of considering each other sheer perfection, that state in which just a look from such a wonderful being was a thrill and ecstasy. The love-making, however, is nearly the same, but not quite. There may begin then that series of steps downward in their regard for each other

which is evidenced by shortness of temper, disregard of known preferences of the other and some brittleness in retaliation for remembered wounds.

About this time, if one or the other doesn't start in reverse to climb back up the hill of harmony, they may land in a heap at the bottom of it. Now, with humor, they can laugh at the whole thing and holding hands walk up the hill more slowly, examining all the places their feet can slip, so they can be avoided in the future. But without humor, they are lost kittens.

Walking downtown one day, she runs into her old boss in the advertising business and he tells her they miss her at the office. She doesn't mention the encounter to her husband, for fear he will think she is leading up to something, and if she is—well, it can wait. The "twelve pound look" creeps into her eyes when she is washing the dishes, when she sits looking at him while he reads in the evening.

I am not referring to the wife who wants to work and share the expenses of the apartment or to have more money for a fur coat or to save for a baby. I am talking about the woman who merely "wants out of her medieval castle where she is merely a chatelaine, a pleasure to or a target for her husband.

When your wife gets that "twelve pound look" it's evidence of hunger. All hungers are the same. They gnaw at the vitals. They practically demand satisfaction. A hungry person is going to get what he or she is hungry for, even at the expense of life's values of honor, riches or standing.

She wants to be made to feel that she is alluring and if she gets too hungry for that, the twelve pound look has already increased to a twenty pound look. She wants spontaneous companionship, not something she always has to angle for in competition with news magazines, the funny papers and the latest mystery book. It is very deflating, dangerously so to have to compete with a ten-cent magazine. No woman whose

husband knows how to be companionable, ever gets that look.

A woman can be as lonely as a cloud in a lovely house sitting opposite her husband in a smoking jacket while excellent servants clear away the remains of a lovely dinner. She can feel buoyant and alive, a gay companion in a trailer if her husband has by chance or determination acquired the gift of including her charmingly, not flatly, in all he does. He can get by with many many other faults if he will bother to perfect this one virtue.

That inclusion can be accomplished by a mere grin and a quick "What do you know, the Jones's baby has come!" or "Let's walk down to the corner and get some cigarettes" or "Let's do—anything."

"Let's" is an important word in a happy marriage. It is a lodestone, a charm. And, with a smile, it's sheer magic. How the little woman's heart leaps in response.

In Barrie's play the world-old threesome is like this. The pompous husband is about to be knighted for some dry service to the crown. His weak, negative, listless, beaten, spiritless wife is his second one. The buoyant, happy, hard-working typist who comes to write the letters about the coming great event is the former wife (Ethel Barrymore in those days). The husband twits her with her inferior position when, if she had behaved herself, she might be Lady So-and-so on the morrow. She laughs, a throaty, free, celebrating laugh as though to say no matter how glittering the chains might ever become, she wanted none of their weight and dullness. The typist regards the slow-moving wife with poignant pity in her face. The husband is put out to see sympathy instead of envy in his erstwhile wife's face.

Take that next-to-last reason for a woman's wanting to get away, the ninth on the list—poverty. Almost never does a woman want to leave a man because he is poor. He, feeling

his poverty, may be irritable, feel inferior and therefore take it out on her and thus make her want to get away. But lack of money and drudgery in themselves, if everything else was all right between her and her husband, never drove off a woman. On the contrary she may become so engrossed in the struggle that she wouldn't give it up for diamonds from someone else. Of course a poor man always thinks when he loses his wife that she left for a better situation. But nine times out of ten he'll be wrong in that deduction. Let him be a charming, agreeable, companionable husband and he couldn't lose her if he wanted to. A poor man forgets that he was grouchy, badly groomed and negligent, and rude to his wife. He never blames himself—it's the money, so he prefers to think.

Of course if a woman is working hard and carrying her share of the load, she doesn't want to have to say "Yes, sir," too often and too loudly. And that goes for either a poor or a rich husband to consider. It's very easy for a rich man to overrate his money. He ought to know that the light-headed little moths, that fly straight to the glitter of his gold, fly just as quickly to a brighter light—and there's no substance to them if they stay a while.

If money was all a woman wanted in marriage, then rich people would never be found in the divorce courts—but as we all know they are often there. Riches have never yet held a woman's heart. She may have a scheme for her children and stay until that is accomplished. She may have a reason for remaining until some plan can mature. But the same arrogance, neglect, bluster and unfairness that estrange her from a poor man will take her interest from a rich one just as quickly.

It must have been a great moment for Nathan Strauss when the *Titanic* was sinking and only women and children were permitted in the lifeboats, when his wife climbed back

from a lifeboat and came to stand by his side to share whatever fate was his.

Cynical people will go on being cynical. Noble people will go on being noble. And the real tugs and urges for consonance in another mind and heart and life will go on. The search goes on. No woman ever really gives up. She may be side-tracked in a marriage from which she is unable to gain harmony, but her heart yearns ahead, hoping, hunting, never resting until the right man is found.

Disillusionment doesn't come with a mighty explosion, as a rule. For the average couple disenchantment is a slow process, compounded of many small failures on both sides. The ancient Persians had a saying that comes to mind, "The Gods depart on feet of wool, we do not hear them go."

Quietly, slowly our magic happiness yields, when we let it, to the totally unnecessary accumulation of small resentments. We don't realize the slow process, but one day, unless we tend our happiness and harmony, we wake up to find it gone.

Now every marriage passes through from one to ten crises, in any of which the "twelve pound look" can be detected in the wife's face. The husband has his look, too, that means he would like to escape.

When that look clears from his eyes, it is always because the husband has, accidentally or on purpose, given her a new picture of himself, a new hope for their unity. He can always get rid of that look of wistful desire for escape if he goes about it properly. But he can't carry a grudge, he can't indulge his outraged pride. He can't develop inferiority from the fact that his wife wants other fields and can't react from a hurt ego if he wants to succeed. He had best proceed on the premise that he has a right to a certain number of mistakes, since nobody is perfect. He can correct those things in himself that are definitely objectionable. He can be fair, he can be romantic, he can be humorous. He can even be

masterful and tell her what she is going to do. Suggestion is just as powerful in getting the wife in line as it is in any kind of advertising.

Tell her what she is going to do. It's a very good idea if it isn't too rough and cruel. This is not the time to be too bossy, but anytime is the time to plant seeds of suggestion that are constructive. If she bristles and says, "Don't you tell me what I'm going to do. I'll do what I please," you can reply, "Yes, but you are going to please to do what is intelligent as you often do. That is why I say you'll probably do thus and so."

Outline the other reasons why your suggestion is sound. About this time, though, the temptation is great to say, "This is what you should do but I don't suppose you will, because you're too contrary and stupid to do it." But save that one for the very, very last when all else has failed; such challenge may fetch her.

There is a certain type of woman who just can't be satisfied in any marriage. The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence. I knew one like that years ago. She had so many husbands I never could keep up with her last name and knew her only as Laura. Everytime I saw her, it seemed that she introduced a different husband. She hadn't been the owner of anything so subtle as a twelve pound look, she just didn't want to stay put. She never had a child either. I remember an elderly cowboy on a dude ranch this woman was visiting sizing her up in this wise, "Out here in this hoss country we call 'em ridge-runners. You can allus see 'em running on the high ridges against the sky, looking kinder wild, but headed nowhere. You never see 'em in the pasture land where they rightfully belong. Yes, that's right, they're ridge-runners—and they don't never foal."

Once she introduced to me a husband from Indianapolis.

The next time I saw her her husband was from Seattle. When we were alone for a minute I asked her about the man from Indianapolis and she said indignantly, "Well, do you know he married me under false pretenses. I'd never been to Indianapolis and you see, he showed me pictures of the place and in every one of them there was a brass band and a parade—and I just love parades. (Imagine basing a marriage on such trivia.) Well, I went out to Indianapolis with him and lived there a whole year and they didn't have a single parade all the time I was there!"

Fortunately the Lauras are few. The best way to cope with a Laura is to pass her on with magnanimity to a man from Chicago or Kansas City, and to consider the whole matter a kind of accident, just something to furnish conversation.

But when a real woman gets that leaving, wistful look, it's time for her husband to head her off if he can—and he usually can. One man we knew had got his wife so angry that she couldn't or wouldn't listen to his apologies or explanations. She announced that her marriage was a complete debacle and that she was going away and he could divorce her or she'd divorce him, whichever way he wanted it—she simply didn't care. He used drastic tactics. He kidnaped her and put her aboard their yacht and kept her out at sea until she calmed down and had promised to help him make a go of their marriage.

It's all very well to say calmly and coolly, "Well, if my wife doesn't want me, she can go."

The chances are that you are as responsible as she for the strain between you, and you, being a superior male, should take the lead in fixing things up. Why should you let your marriage go to pieces just because either or both of you is too stubborn to get down to cases and as adults reclaim the magic you've both thrown away? If I were a male, nobody could



do that to my life. I'd make my marriage work. It's too expensive in money and the essences of life's progress, time and effort to let it go on the rocks.

Of course if your idea of a reconciliation is to plant your heel firmly on her neck and make her eat humble pie, you surely know before you start that that cannot possibly work. Really to let bygones be bygones takes a largeness of soul beyond most of us. All too often we just want the further opportunity to tell the other partner how wrong she (or he) is. (That is what most reconciliations sound like.) Most anybody can forgive, but really to forget and let the blame go, let it wash down the currents of time out of sight—that is a large order, too large for any but the most inspired.

And if we could only keep away from our friends at such times—yet that is the time we feel we need them most, and the time they, by their very sympathy, can damage our marriage. For the more somebody magnifies our wrongs by too much sympathy, the more concrete those wrongs become in our minds.

A man I know, both loving and wise, did a very magnanimous thing. His wife, who after fifteen years of marriage with him, grew restive under his faults, not grave ones but irritating to her, decided to divorce him for another man. She told all this to her husband and he amiably agreed, though what his feelings were can only be deduced from his later acts. The wife, free at last, bought a trousseau for the next wedding and was deep in the usual happy plans, when it suddenly struck her that she was making a big mistake. A strange time to begin to think, I quite agree with you. She told Mr. Next that she didn't want to marry him, that she still loved her husband. She went to her husband and told him her plight—and of all things!—he took her back. They were remarried and are still together. Altogether they have spent some twenty-six years married to each other. She told

me this story and with some of the charming little gestures that apparently made her attractive to her husband said, "I just don't know what was the matter with me—just meanness, I guess." Thus lightly and sweetly she disposed of the matter. A man who wants only his wife's happiness is practically irresistible!

But every couple's problems are individual and no blanket rule will work for everybody. Marriage is a screen against which our virtues and our faults show up enlarged so that we can see them. This may be at times painful and embarrassing, but it's good for the soul. As the old colored gardener we had when I was a child used to say, "There ain't nothin' us so much hates, as to see our own meanness in other folks."

A home worthy of the name is wherever a man and a woman who love each other with a charming sense of essential unity happen to hang their hats.

Another secret of keeping your wife and getting more out of her is to let her obliterate all evidence of your former wife or wives, if any. How can she help feeling like a housekeeper instead of a wife, if your former wife's picture hangs prominently displayed or reminders of her are too much in evidence. She, the former wife, may have been the most remarkable woman in the world, but she isn't here now. The one you have is entitled to leave her mark—and it is cruel to deny her the right to make the house her expression.

A friend of ours, remarried, visited us recently and his present wife, a dear little soul really talented in homemaking and interior decoration, said with more than a little satisfaction in her voice, "Well, I just finished de-Mabeling the house. We just did the library over and that was the last room she'd left her mark on."

Now with the house de-Mabeled, their chances of full unity are very much greater. If you want to cling to your

other wife, then don't take on a new one. It's cruel. I think you'll find that if you give a normal woman a real break, she'll turn your life into something lyrical, colorful and charming. But if you keep dampening her spirits with unresponsiveness to her ideas, keep slapping down her judgment, you'll finally have her as sullen and resentful as a foreman at a factory who never feels he has a free hand.

And there is that real problem husband, the man who sees all, knows all. He's a business genius, a style expert, an interior decorator of the only reputable school (vintage 1900). In other words everything he touches must be HIS creation, HIS expression, HIS taste. Well, you know the answer. His wife must either have a career of her own or else she becomes a repressed, nervous, sensitive wraith of a woman with no home of her own. She lives obediently in HIS house—and she lives HIS life or else. Don't look now but she has the twelve pound look.

Such a man quickly makes nonentities of any young people around him. We know a man like that and his family are so busy resenting his godlike touch on everything that passes before his eyes that they are merely hopeful of inheriting some of his money. No one near him has ever developed a personality of interest.

You will never see the twelve pound look on the face of a woman whose house however humble, is a place of laughter, striving, developing talents, hospitality. If something isn't being developed in your house, look out, anything can happen. (But a woman learning Spanish, perfecting her bridge, learning some new dances, making clothes or curtains or furniture, is reasonably safe.) If there's a workshop in the basement with an electric saw, if you develop your own photographs, or even make a hobby of taking them, if you are busy with something at home, or growing in any

particular way, your house will interest your wife into being a permanent guest in it.

You might think the noise of a developing musician would certainly chase a wife away. But nothing interests a woman like something growing, developing, and if she can't see it, she loses interest. Your wife may not even know this fact about herself, but I am telling you. One of the deepest instincts of the feminine nature is the nurturing of something young, whether it's a baby or an idea. Give her something to tend that she admires and you have her hooked.

A woman gets thoroughly bored just admiring your excellence however excellent it may be. She needs to have a part in a new developing skill if she is going to stay put. Some women want a religion and religious life to provide a sense of continuity, stability and security. Others want to knit and find their continuity in that endless needle they make skirts on. Now here is a big secret. A wife will even attend cheerfully to daily dull routine such as dishwashing, IF you will get her on some project that she can have a part in developing. And if you don't, she'll start in developing you; and if you don't react satisfactorily she'll get that twelve pound look as sure as you are born.

No woman wants to leave a man or a place she's really interested in. How could she? If, to please your own ego, you prefer to strut and claim all results, to enlisting her considerable energies and intelligence in some plan that you can both tend and watch grow, you ought to be a bachelor, or you ought to go on the stage where a new audience each night will applaud you.

A man should indeed see to it that he is the star in the drama of his household, for only those who have one know of the unfairness of a woman who has got the bit in her teeth and is running things. While there aren't so many of her as of the overbearing male, she still exists in sufficient

numbers to incite a revolt against her kind. Don't let her get away with it! UNLESS she is giving you her full attention in both large and small ways. And only then if it suits your convenience better, then let it be known that she is just doing the work for you.

Lots of women, in fact, most women, handle the family finances. The exceptions are the wives of multimillionaires, whose affairs require a staff of experts, and the wives of little men who are making money for the first time and want to strut on the one hand or spend money without the wife's knowledge. But the average arrangement that has been most satisfactory all the way around is for the wife to handle the finances; if not all, as is usual, then those for the house and family upkeep. Circumstances would dictate the best way.

If your wife does act as the treasurer in your family, then you should give her a definite allowance. I don't know of anything more boring and bemeaning for a woman than to have to ask and ask and ask her husband for each thing she wants to buy. It costs a man much more in the end, because a wheedling wife is usually not a frugal one. She's out to get all she can, and she gets very good at it without even planning such a thing. Such a procedure merely makes her wonder if there aren't richer fields to dig in somewhere else. She also wears a twelve pound look.

The ideal, of course, is for the husband and wife to have a joint account and to work out all major expenditures as a joint transaction. If people will only stay close together in their thinking, and deliberately turn their backs on any temptation to aggrandize themselves at the partner's expense, a oneness and a loyalty will grow that will be both strong and charming to add delight as well as substance to their years ahead. I know a man who has kept his accounts and his property, all of it, in his own name—and he wonders why his wife has no sense of being a partner or having part in his

career and life. She is treated like a mistress. She has had a twelve pound look for a long time now.

But the typical American husband is the soul of generosity and fairness. He deserves a great deal more than he gets out of marriage. Bless his heart, if he'd just learn a little or apply what he does know about showmanship in the great life of giving he lives, he'd be the richest man on earth in results.

## 7 WHAT TO DO WITH COMPETITION

*(The infernal triangle)*

THE GENTLE ART OF TWO-TIMING! Usually the one most practiced in it is the most suspicious of others, that is, among men. Among women, suspicion born of prehistoric jealousy made grim by the exigencies of survival, persists in their very bones. As in most matters, a woman's sense of anything is part of her natural equipment, bits of awareness she has gathered down through the ages.

But the man deals largely with what he sees, colored by what imagination he has. His imagination, where women are concerned, usually runs down the groove of experience. So, his opinion of women is almost always a confession. (Ladies, don't ask your husband about his past. Ask him what he thinks of women.) One doesn't get a poor opinion of anything by dealing with the best of it. Am I right?

Since civilization has been trying to elevate man to the morality of the king of beasts, various methods have been used to convince him of the desirability of monogamy. We do not now know if he has been convinced, for the votes from Hollywood, Russia and some of the Latin-American countries have not yet been counted. The poll is incomplete. Many marginal notes indicate that some men are willing for the lion to win.

How sweet most men are—to toy amiably with a notion that goes against many of their impulses just because it seems to make the ladies so happy. Monogamy also simplified the great burden of the census taker—and isn't it time that some-

thing is done for this unorganized minority? But this is not the moment for politics. For we shall never be able to legislate emotions and this subject of competition is rooted in the feeling nature.

Crimes of passion are dealt with forgivingly in most countries, but most of us can scarcely forgive ourselves for our stupid reactions when we have been faced with "the other woman" or "the other man." A man may perforce shoot another male who desecrates the sanctity of his home, but it is against the law to shoot *him* for making it possible for the other man to be effective.

It is also against the law of accepted ideas to consider the wronged wife at fault in the least. But "the murdered is not blameless" as is stated with poetic logic in the Kahlil Gibran book "The Prophet."

All of us can ask ourselves, "What is it I have done, or failed to do, that made me a party to this betrayal of my love?"

Of course there is that rare case where a man or a woman may have been definitely and blamefully wronged just as an innocent may be set upon by a thug or a maniac. But in most cases some measure of blame rests on the injured. That is why, with good face, we can go to great lengths to correct the situation.

Someone has said, "We don't lose our love; we *throw* it away." And only when we retrace our steps do we see how lightly, casually and subtly we did the tossing. None of which lessens our pain when we discover it is gone, or is in danger of going. But the quickest cure is to discover where we have been remiss and remedy matters from the standpoint of our own guilt—not the other person's.

Love is lost as a rule because a third person seems to have sensitiveness at the points where we are blind. Some other person understands the lack we feel and supplies it; or senses



our particular hunger for appreciation, for a more esthetic daily life, for more fun, or companionship; or gives us more glamour in public.

Usually it is neither glamour nor sex that lures, but the promise of having our own particular wounds treated tenderly, our own particular desires understood and satisfied. Only someone whose opinions have been pushed aside constantly can understand the sheer delight of talking to someone who appears to value them.

If you want a clinging vine and married a Major; if you want a mother and married a butterfly; if you want the athletic pal and married a poetess; if you want a homemaker and married a career gal you are very, very likely to find yourself spending more and more time in the company of a woman who understands you—though mind you, she may not be what you want either.

She certainly isn't what you need, but such common sense is all beside the point when you want your hurts and disappointments petted by a graceful feminine hand. And of course when you start telling her your troubles you haven't the slightest notion that you are going to marry her someday. But she has.

The first darting thought when competition presents itself is a quick and inaccurate estimate of our own comparable charms and the result, however swift, leaves us groveling in the dust. Thus our instant hate for the glittering intruder is based not so much on the fact that we don't want him to have so much glamour—it is resentment of the fact that we must face our own lack, or imaginary lack of it. But one hurts as badly as the other.

If you know you must do battle in order to hold your own, you will through race experience, hunt for the other fellow's weakness. You cannot beat him on his strength, it must be through his weakness—so you must find it. Often his great-

est strength will develop to be his greatest weakness. For instance, his virtues or accomplishments, whatever they are, may have made all the other fellows as resentful as you are. So, if that is full and strong enough, you can, if you wish to be thoroughly Machiavellian, turn into a hero by taking up for him. Now a man defended is a weak man, especially in a woman's eyes. And the more you defend him the stronger you look. Ah, a little strategy dawns, doesn't it?

But don't jump too quickly. This would be watertight logic, except for the vagaries of feminine emotions, which like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. There is, deep in the feminine breast, a desire to help the weak, to foster the underdog, to espouse the lost cause. The most modest, retiring, inarticulate little woman around he-men, will suddenly become a tigress in the defense of some man who has stirred up her protective instinct. He may be a worthless scoundrel, but suddenly he becomes the leading man in the drama of her defenses.

Parents with teen-aged girls who have fallen into such a trap know only too well how useless it is to point out the man's failings. The retort is "But he needs me all the more." This is usually said with lifted chin and a far-away look such as they secretly think Joan of Arc must have worn. Ah, drama, how great is thy force! Home training, moral precept, common sense, years of orderly thinking—all these must take the count before the drama of emotion where the lady is the queen distributing the largesse of her personal riches!

It is rather a beautiful truth that for men or women striving to hold a mate, or just to get more out of them, the strongest hold is the great need one has for the other. Time and time again, I've seen a man, sure of his wife, trudge off to more exciting conquests, only to return to crow more loudly, when he discovers his wife's complete, interpenetrat-

ing, dramatic and totally sincere, all-embracing love for him. Particularly if she can be dramatic about it.

Let your wife feel that you need her, if you want to keep her close to your interests. And this goes for glamour girls or homemakers. But—and this is a great big but, so listen carefully—she must recognize that you are the boss in more than one way. After much looking at life, I do not hesitate to say that a woman NEEDED (or made to feel so) and BOSSED (or made to feel so) would be as hard to lose as your guardian angel. She may kick, yearn, tell a story of frustration to her friends, but she stays put!

It has been said that women can be divided into three types of personalities, the mother, the sister and the mistress. Most of their reactions can be put into one or the other of these group types.

The ideal wife is a combination of the three.

All of them down through the ages have come to value security above all else, largely because of the elements of chance and impermanence in their own situation. The pleasantest position for a female in the past was directly under the favor and therefore the criticism and guidance of a member of the opposite sex, presumably one of authority over her. So long as she pleased him she could keep this pleasant position. But displeasure meant banishment, demotion and often death. And to this threat was added those of childbearing and the ills to which women are susceptible.

The mistress type of women mentally does a neat hurdle over the claims of family, sentiment, love, motherhood and either ignores them or puts them in entirely secondary place in her scheme of life. Security is her conscious or unconscious goal. She goes straight for it, but her thinking isn't as straight as her aim so she more often than not never makes her goal. In concentrating on pleasing the man in the case she forgets that she alone can't do it, that she must make

a pleasant life for him. She must write "finis" again and again to her many affairs.

The mother type concentrates on making a pleasant life for him, but forgets to make herself pleasing. The sister type must content herself with platonic associations, with confidences, with pats on the back, but the man's mind is seldom on her except when he wants assurance, aid, a kindly ear, or a loan. Companionship is usually all she wants with him and knowing that fact intuitively he doesn't overstep the boundary between personal trivia and passion.

A man automatically puts the women he knows into one of these three categories.

He would be much more successful with women if he understood the point that a woman, a real woman, wants to fill the need of a mate who exercises the age-old authority in their relationship. The first wish is that one mustn't take without giving—to be needed is a growth of ethical thinking. The second wish—to serve under authority—is simply deep in the racial memory in every fiber of her being.

There are many men who can't tell the difference between authority and tyranny. The divorce court testimony available is a silent commentary on this fact. Lots of modern couples in the upended economics of our times have faced the knowledge that it is hard for a man to be the authority in his house when his wife contributes as much or more money that he does. Yet if he doesn't hold first place from the start, one day he holds no place. A couple we know is a case in point:

She is a career woman, a famous designer. Her husband has a position in a bank that pays him about one third what she makes. She is a large commanding woman while he is a small, but very erect and almost swaggering man who rules her completely. There is sometimes a suggestion of the ludicrous in her meekness when he asserts himself. He seems

to know intuitively that if he ever shows a sign of weakness he will slip into a secondary position and this he has no intention of doing. He takes the attitude—and not without some logic—that his is the permanent responsibility in the family and that it is all right for her to play around and have fun and make money if it amuses her to have the extra money, but that he will stand for no foolishness. Also he has created the feeling that he may withdraw his permission for her to work at any time if he becomes too neglected or she too obstreperous. Her soundest accomplishments he pretends to regard as the acts of a precocious child.

I don't know how he does it, but he makes her career seem amusing, clever and evanescent. He lets his wife have her modernism, and he manages to remain the head of the house. Now this man will never make much money, but he has somehow come on the secret that one can succeed financially and fail as a male, that success in life is made up chiefly of the minor melodies of excellent relationships. He isn't weak enough to have to deny his wife a career (since that is what she wants) in order to remain boss. Let her do what she wants, he's still the boss!

It may be quite a trick to be the head of the house when wife or daughter happen to be the more successful financially, but lots of seemingly unimportant and many very important men have found the way to maintain their position.

Probably the most miserable woman is the one who has discovered that she is the real boss in the house. It may be more comfortable for a woman to be "the last word" in her house, that is, comfortable in small matters, but in that larger hunger of hers it is tragically unsatisfactory. Gradually, it gnaws at her vitals and eats away her chances of any deep happiness. When career girls with cases of "nerves" come to me for help, my work is easier if I can get to their husbands with a little sound advice.

The very happiest home is the one in which there is no boss—in which the interplay of two personalities is as exquisitely balanced in real life as that of the Lunts on the stage, where graciousness and a desire of each to put the other forward to the best advantage creates a unit of comradeship so beautiful, so artistic that the world pays it homage. It is worth any amount of study, any amount of time to work out such a relationship.

A few, simple fundamental facts are an excellent beginning. But if there must be unbalance in the force each partner shows, it had better be that the weight is on your side. Since straws indicate the direction of the wind, be sure that your wife must consider two or three small items of your happiness. Your newspaper is the one you are usually remarkably fussy about. Fine. Now, have another, and yet another, but let the third one be something that you can with magnanimity give over to show elaborate consideration for your wife at times. If I were to suggest exactly what these specific points of consideration might be, it would rob you of the personal touch your choices should have. Your wife may be a bigger earner than you are. She may have a better education. She may have more blue blood. She may have a quicker mind, but if you can invent enough small ways in which she must consider your wishes, you will be the master in your house and she will be a happy woman.

Probably with prayer and fasting you can gain the wisdom to find the kindly middle path between that despotism which drives women to other arms and other interests and the spineless admission that she is the stronger vessel. Even gentle little Melanie in *Gone With The Wind* admitted only on her deathbed that Ashley was the weaker vessel. She betrayed her real opinion when she asked Scarlet to look after him. Yes, there are many women who had rather play-act to preserve the proper balance of strength between themselves and

their husbands than to admit to themselves and the world that their husbands are not in the position of final authority. And wise women they are!

But for every one of them there are several women of the type that struggles for supremacy, a supremacy that is unbecoming and unprofitable to her, and her husband, and finally disastrous to their home.

There are a few exceptions that prove the rule. There is an occasional man, a rare find, who doesn't care who is boss in his family so long as he is comfortable and has an opportunity to pursue his hobbies, his work and to have a family to love. His very neutral philosophy becomes a kind of cheerful, springy featherbed that blunts the arrows of criticism. He lives in a kind of suspended, over-most-heads, kind of freedom that the average person can scarcely recognize, much less desire. His wife is, of course, the mother type, and his one big aching void is for romantic love which he also knows he can't have without giving up his comfortable berth. This he has no intention of doing—it holds too many compensations to be sacrificed. It even dawns on him sometimes that he has the power to change his mother-type wife into a romantic one, but being lazy he had rather take her as she is than to put forth the romantic effort himself to change her. It just makes him feel less cheated and frustrated to know that he could, with a few good gestures and a few weeks or months, turn her into the type he dreams about.

If you, however, want to turn your mother-type wife into more of a siren, you must be prepared to face a few disappointments at first. The first few times you mention, say the moon, don't be surprised if she doesn't get it at all—and instead of sharing the magic moment with you at the window or outside, she is likely to suggest that you'll take cold if you stand there any longer. Tell her deliberately what you're after and maybe she will cooperate faster. Pay no attention

to the defensive remarks containing much supposed common sense, or the little nervous ridicule you'll get at the beginning. Down in her heart she wants the romantic even more than you do. How we do let it get lost!

If in being the boss in your house, you demand enough of the charming, the romantic, the beautiful, you will be a truly successful ruler of your realm. Too many men have gained the idea that they must be the boss—in terms of their own desires, egos and plans—to the rather cruel neglect of the wife's point of view. Even though a woman must feel some authority in you, if that means treating her like a slavey, ridiculing her ideas, her taste and all the other senseless strutting of a small mind, just know right now that if you were to die, her widow's weeds would hide an expression of relief.

The ruler who will be followed to the end, loved, revered and remembered is the one who gives full and generous credit to his wife and others about him, who rules as much for their pleasure and benefit as for his own, and who isn't hypnotized by himself to the point where he thinks his slightest wish a godlike dictum. He is followed because he is a good leader.

As for a woman's being happiest when she is needed, she isn't alone there. Men, children and many animals as well as women are truly justified in existing when they feel themselves to be needed. A real virtuoso in living will discover how to make everyone in his life feel that he is needed, and that no one else would do quite so well. For every person who would take advantage of that theory and lie down on the job there are thousands who would be spurred to greater effort, and better work because it would be built on the prideful foundation of responsibility.

Even little children can understand when they are needed. They can't understand the tiresome round of "duty." But they can comprehend a "need" and a "lack" if they don't



step up and fill the moment. A story is told of a famous zoologist trying to get animals shipped out of India. Because of religious restrictions the laborers were not supposed to touch a pig—and several crates of them were waiting to be transported to a ship. Instead of angrily telling these workers that they were failing in their duty, in their jobs, the zoologist had the tact to say merely, "Poor pigs! Poor pigs! They will be left here to die if someone doesn't put them on board."

Pity for a "need" brought several of the men to disregard their religious taboos long enough to shoulder the crates on board the ship.

Where women are concerned men often overlook this basic hunger of the human race, this wonderful response to a "need." Successful men forget to acknowledge they have any needs sometimes and make their wives feel very useless. They shouldn't be surprised then when their wives develop other characteristics of the useless, ornamental and light-minded female. If you don't need her, give her credit for a place in your life, do you think she is going to take that place very seriously? How can she? We are quite likely to develop into the type that the acts of other people shape us into by suggestion.

I've seen men decide to be courteous to women because they know that is the way nice people behave—and still, without ever analyzing their motives, they will feel waves of inferiority later. A basis of behavior, deeper than the demands of mere good manners would obviate these feelings and elevate the man rather than lower him.

Not for a moment would I try to convince you that all courteous husbands have devoted, appreciative, beaming wives. Some of them have ungrateful wenches for wives, whom either they or life will have to spank before they come to their senses. Husbands who are devoted without being

demanding will fail. Just so will the demanding husbands who are not devoted. Just as Kipling was right when he pointed out that, "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," it is true that the demanding wife will respond to the treatment of picturesque, appreciative lover *and* demanding husband.

It is a mistake to assume that women love to be bossed because they don't like to think for themselves. That is not it at all. They do crave a channel or vessel into which they can pour their devotion, their sacrifices and their awe and respect. They are likely to invest the man they marry with all the qualities to which they can give such outpouring. If you give them even a little reason for their emotional largesse you will be the gainer. For if they are denied this particular dramatic outlet, they are likely to choose another role for themselves, that of persecuted heroine and labor the point to yours and everybody's distraction. And since either you or they are going to be the leading character in this so-necessary drama of emotional direction, it is better for you, **AND** your wife, if you are the star.

So learn your lines—it isn't a long part nor a very difficult one—but don't miss too many cues. And if you give even a mediocre performance, you will be amazed at the applause you will receive, and the passing world will pause to see what the excitement is about, and join in automatically. So, by getting more out of your wife, you get more out of yourself—and this life and the one to come.

The peculiar logic of the male where jealousies are concerned should make a cat laugh. For reasons known only to the masculine breast men are seldom jealous of their own friends where their wives are concerned, but let one of **HER** old friends come around and immediately their imaginations take fire with the most amazing intrigue. A man imagines that his friends are blind to feminine charms or that by some

peculiar alchemy of friendship or elusive male loyalty one to the other the little woman is as safe with one of his erstwhile pals as a babe in its mother's arms. On the other hand, her friends are, due to this same alchemy, wolves in hot pursuit, with one goal, the wrecking of his home.

Alas, if he could only think in cooler, truer terms, he would know that most of his old friends are no truer to friendship than his wife's virtue compels them to be—and that all of her old friends are old friends because they have been proved over a number of years to be trustworthy. Else she isn't the kind of woman he should have married. But can they twist their minds around that fact? They cannot!

Anyway, jealousy blunts good judgment, so when competition, real or imaginary, comes around the bend, try to keep calm and to build up your own ego. Now let's analyze a bit. What is the fascinating newcomer going to do that is so fascinating? Anything you can't do?

1. He's going to register the presence of your attractive wife or sweetheart in a way to make her know that he is acutely aware of her presence. (Maybe she is tired of being taken for granted so much that you just look around her, through her, but not AT her. Does YOUR expression brighten or lighten when you look at her? His does!)
2. He's going to notice her new hair-do, her new hat and speak of the color of her dress. (Some men wouldn't notice what their wives had on, if the skirt of it should be shooting firecrackers. It's very dull not to be noticed. If your wife is dowdy, why don't you demand that she look more attractive? Refuse to eat your breakfast if she isn't fresh and sweet to go with it! Don't treat her as though she doesn't matter—and DON'T LET HER TREAT YOU AS THOUGH YOU DIDN'T MATTER. But make it worth her

while by noticing, commenting and looking as though you liked to see her dressed becomingly. Sometimes a smiling glance and a wink or a silent whistle will make your wife want to be attractive for you. It's so easy to get more out of her in this regard. It's almost like a slot machine. You put in comments and admiration and out comes an attractive wife, attractive for YOUR notice. If you get her to working and looking for YOUR approval, she won't even notice or hear the others. Don't leave this easy bit of psychology for somebody else to take advantage of.)

3. He's going to listen to what she says and laugh at her small stabs of wit (It takes only a few minutes to establish the idea that you like to hear her talk. You don't have to listen for hours if you give your full attention for a while, and RESPOND as though you were interested. A glum face, grunts for replies when your wife has tried to tell you something she hopes will interest you is one way to throw her into another man's arms, or turn her into a spiritless, dull creature—which will you have, my lord? But if you do give your attention, don't look patronizing as though you were listening dutifully to a child and now that she has spoken her piece you can get on to something of real moment. IF YOUR WIFE BORES YOU, MAKE HER TALK ABOUT THE TOPICS THAT INTEREST YOU, BUT DON'T ENCASE HER IN SILENCE. Unless you want to lose her. Don't forget the losing is done mentally and emotionally before it appears as an outer manifestation. The "guilty" intruder is often the answer to the wife's unconscious prayers when she is starving for attention, and genuine companionship. It may be that you have prepared the way for him so well that he couldn't possibly miss!)

4. He's going to be very polite to her. (You may have charming manners. I'm sure you have, but did you put them in the bottom drawer along with the book the minister gave you at the time of the ceremony? By the way, what did you do with them?)
5. He's going to bring her little thoughtful gifts. He won't dare make them anything of consequence, but they'll range from a bunch of mint to a seed catalogue, from an unusually beautiful butterfly to a recipe for Bengal curry. And of course, her known preferences will always influence the choosing of them. (Are your gifts meant to please you—or her?)
6. He's going to look pleased to see her. (Many wonderful husbands, true and fine, have established the atmosphere that their wives are remiss in so many details that there is little to smile about. They'll sit glumly in the car while the family pile in for a Sunday picnic! They seem to think if they give her an inch she'll take a mile, so she'd best be kept in her place. They shouldn't be too surprised if they discover that she is spending some of her long afternoons in the company of someone who seems pleased about it.)
7. He's going to be careful of his grooming. (Of course, you are too, but I just thought it had to be mentioned in passing.)
8. He's going to dance with her as though he were eager to do so and not as a marital obligation. Neither will he be looking over her head at other women while he is doing said dancing. He apparently learned long ago that the way to have a partner (even your wife) taken off your hands is to look as though you were having a whale of a time with her. If you look bored, the potential other partners are going to give you a wide berth.

9. He's going to tell her his plans. He will contrive to make her feel included in his thinking. (A man may know for three weeks that he has to go on a trip, but his wife usually hears about it the day before! Nothing is resented more.) The wife who feels herself excluded from too many inner mental chambers is already subconsciously looking for a companion, whether she knows it or not.
10. He's going to bring her ideas and stories that interest her. He knows that because she stays at home, stimulating contacts with other minds may be few, and he will make a special effort to bring to her from his masculine world tidbits and matters that have amused or interested him. He is too smart not to know that he cannot indulge in the age-old fallacy that a wife must be fascinating without any ammunition or particular urge. (If you don't bring them home along with the bacon she surely will not stay there to go to seed. Why should her personality be offered up on the altar of your laziness?) For man, or woman, cannot live by bread alone. (Don't let your wife go to seed. Even if she is stupid enough, or devoted enough to do so, it's less trouble for you to keep her abreast of the times, than it is to clean up the debris and dried leaves later—or to get rid of her.) The other man's success is often not so much a tribute to his excellence and superiority as it is a commentary on your neglect.
11. He's going to boss her a little about her diet, drinking, friends and sometimes, her conversation. But he will do it from the standpoint of her being a lovely lady who is not painting a true picture of herself, rather than acting as if she were a second-rate nitwit.
12. He's going to be cheerful! Now that sounds simple enough, but actually, I believe that more marriages

are broken by lack of cheerfulness than by lack of constancy. And that works both ways. Certainly it is a grammar school knowledge of psychology that gives us the irrefutable law in words of one syllable that "sugar catches flies better than vinegar." It's usually as simple as that.

There was a story some years back by Mildred Crain, called "The Perfectly Charming Ghost." It was the story of a young couple living in a suburban town. The wife was restive because her young husband was gradually leaving off the gallant and courteous niceties of living. He felt her resentment but was not then minded to do anything about it. The man-he-should-be became almost an entity between them. One day they talked it out, decided to laugh over it and in a forced gaiety the husband suggested that they put an ad in the paper for a "perfectly charming ghost" to come and live with them to satisfy her.

Boldly they did so and one evening to their amazement, a man rang the door-bell and said he'd come in answer to the ad. They admitted him and his small suitcase. He said he was ready to take the place at once. They showed him to the guest room upstairs and presently he joined them dressed in attractive clothes for lounging about the house. He lighted her cigarettes, jumped to get the paper, saved her small errands, laughed gaily over nothing at all—and even the husband admitted that he was indeed a charming fellow.

At first he felt relieved by not having to do any of these things himself—quite a convenience, this ghost. Winter came and the ghost took her out skating, sledding, dancing. He seemed able to take any kind of costumes out of his small bag. One starlit winter night, he came in late from a walk and as he described to them the pleasure of the stinging air and vigorous walk, she chided him by saying, "Why didn't

you take me with you?" He looked at her quizzically and answered in surprise, "Why you were with me."

The husband and wife looked at each other. "You are always with me, you know," the ghost went on.

The husband decided to go to bed and as he left the room he gave his wife a good-night peck on the cheek. The ghost laughed at him, grasped her in picturesque embrace and kissed her as a motion picture hero might. The husband watched with considerable disquietude. "That's the way you should kiss her," the ghost said gaily.

The husband decided things had gone far enough. HE began to hold his wife's chair back at the table, to get her coat and put it on her shoulders, to take her dancing, to talk to her and walk with her, and laugh with her. The ghost stepped aside each time. Then he began to be absent for long periods. One day they realized he hadn't been there in a long time, but his suitcase was still there. The next day it was gone, though no one had heard him come in to get it. The husband now the embodiment of himself and the best charms of the charming ghost was a perfectly charming husband. The reader is left to realize that the man himself had been the ghost, doing the charming acts automatically and that when they became a part of his sincere desire to please her, the ghost, *per se* disappeared, into himself.

When one sees how little preparation young men have to make a success of married life one wonders how so many of them can succeed instead of the other way around. A little more, not much, attention is given the preparation of females in some schools in their domestic science and casually related subjects. But at no time does a man, in his preparatory years, take any notice of the fact that his most important job, that of being a father and husband, is about to be assumed. I suggest a study of domestic relations and the nature of the female and the purpose of homemaking and mating. This



book may make a stimulating and perhaps amusing introduction to the subject. But I see no reason for leaving unpricked the popular bubble of belief that women are responsible for the marriage status.

Among my friends and relatives I see innumerable happy marriages of many years standing. It is "luck" that the males have come from happy homes, where courtesy to mother was a law of the house, where duty and pleasure were often hand in hand and family welfare the uppermost theme. There seems to be a general feeling among the females that these excellent husbands were the product of mothers' and wives' training and conniving, rather than from a basic desire of an intelligent male to turn in a good job!

But it isn't money, looks, position or glamour that holds the dear little wife with the strongest cord. Aside from the aforementioned "being needed" and "bossed," the password to assured success is "companionableness." For friendship enters into companionship and sometimes it's a stronger bond than love.

However, let's imagine that willy-nilly, the intruder is on the scene, never mind how he got there, and that he is cutting quite a figure. Don't be afraid to show your jealousy. Even though she may find it distressing there is the craziest sort of happiness that rises in a woman's heart when she knows her husband is jealous—that is, until it is carried to insulting and unpleasant extremes. However, let her know that your jealousy is a very special brand, that at a certain boiling point it changes over to indifference, and that it has a low boiling point.

You can even let her know that somewhere between now and the boiling point, you may be moved to beat her up, that all this brings out the savage in you—that is, unless indifference sets in first. In this way you become the star of the show and not the charming intruder. Of course, it isn't in you to

lay a finger on her for three reasons: you're a gentleman, you love her, and any really brutal exhibition would prove to her at once that she was right in being attracted to the delightful newcomer. So, if you smile when you say these things, she may be excited by the impending drama without having you or her face any of it. Women adore impending drama! But do keep it impending. Nobody likes it after it arrives!

You can also cut the intruder down to your size by "damning him with faint praise." Because of this, you should be nice to him, entertain him, expose him to other beautiful women in "her" presence, play golf with him, get him into various games and deep conversations. Give him every opportunity to show himself up. And if he comes off well, which he probably won't, you can still smile indulgently and say, "Nice chap. Everybody has to have something I suppose. It's life's way of leveling us out with compensations." And then yawn, start to read or whistle. Do not let her see that you are interested in her reactions to your remarks. At the proper moment you can be sentimentally generous. Take her in your arms and say, "Any man would be a sap who didn't appreciate you. And no one could possibly appreciate you as much as I do."

If I have given the impression that the way to hold a wife is to dance constant attendance on her in a sort of perpetual honeymoon, I mean nothing of the sort. There are a few of that kind of marriage including my own, but I realize they are outside the bulk of averages one must discuss in a book like this.

Actually the very business of being a male working at a man's job in the world creates quite a few little chambers of privacy in which your wife should let you alone. I mean, for instance, that your sporting equipment should be respected and practically held sacred. Your papers and belongings should be in a place marked with a skull and crossbones.

But it is necessary that you do not retire too often into those rooms of your life where she cannot follow you—and that you do not stay in them too long when you go. A little good judgment can balance neatly the amount of sentimental or companionable interest she requires.

Of course, this chapter is written on the assumption that you like your wife and want to keep her. If you don't, well that is your affair, but I do suggest that she is worth keeping for something deep drew you together in the first place. And don't be deceived just because she stays put more or less uncomplainingly. Measured against her requirements as outlined in this book, you can readily discover whether your wife is satisfied with her lot. Don't get smug—you may get a surprise.

### IS YOUR WIFE A GLAMOUR WIFE?

She was voted the most popular girl in school, took the leading role in the school plays and now is in all the town's rites, honors and performances. She is spoiled, pretty and has a figure that would grace the stage or screen (and doesn't she know it?) for she not only has eyes, but everybody tells her of it constantly, particularly her men friends whose name is legion. In fact you have to wade through her admirers every time you want to talk to her.

There are many compensations in being married to her. Life isn't dull. She's probably as straight as a string, but the attentions of admiring men are as necessary to her as the air she breathes. Besides you are close friends with several of her courtiers—and they save you a lot of wear and tear doing errands and remembering things for you—and they keep her from making too many demands on you. So long as you can keep savage jealousy out of your breast and your ego doesn't

suffer too much over ever-present comparisons, you will have a lot of fun in your life with her.

Don't ever leave such a wife at loose ends. You be the one to guide her tremendous energy into some sort of expressive career if it's only china-painting. If she isn't using her popularity for some good purpose she will narrow her life down to it and feed only upon that. Then she is indeed lost—and of course your marriage won't last then, because she will simply get vainer and vainer until you will be so bored that one more admirer will leave you completely cold and an amicable settlement can be expected.

Don't leave such a wife on her own, I repeat. It's too easy for her to lead a pleasant, useless life. Take her on trips where only you or one other are along and encourage her speech, voice, musical talent or something—or tell her what an asset she is socially, politically. Women simply purr when they think they are assets. It is the magic key to their hearts and loyalty.

You needn't fear competition from any quarter if you have made of your wife (and you can) the kind of wife my Aunt Phoebe was.

She was an aunt by courtesy. She lived to a great age. She and my Uncle Asa lived together an incredible number of years. To say that they were all happy years is untrue. There were stormy times when the children were young and again in my uncle's middle life "the dangerous years," but they all were weathered somehow.

I suppose it is true that any marriage that has endured has done just that—"endured."

Aunt Phoebe and Uncle Asa might have split more than once, but somehow they stuck it out for more than fifty years, the last twenty-five of which were serene and beautifully sentimental. The first twenty-five were like almost any other couple's.

They started in a small city. She was an excellent housekeeper, a fine manager. He was a good provider with an eye to an extra few thousand anywhere he could make it. They had a farm outside the city which supplied them with most of their living. Uncle Asa made loans to farmers on the condition that they run their farms as he advised and give him part of the profit. So he not only got his money back plus a good interest, he also showed farmers how to make their efforts pay—and the Southern farmers needed to know that. So what with being a deacon in the church, taking a responsible part in community affairs wherever he felt he could be effective, he became a very important man in his part of the country.

He often had to go to Nashville, to New Orleans and to Washington, and somehow the local ladies got hold of some stories to the effect that these trips were not wholly devoted to business. In fact the implied monkey business embraced the names of comic opera stars of the day and a dancer or two.

The ladies decided that it was their Christian duty to inform my aunt. No one will ever understand just why Christian duty should always involve the unpleasant—for the other fellow. I wonder if it isn't an outlet for latent sadism, since the long-faced informers always stay to watch the victims squirm. I'm sure they must have impaled butterflies and frogs in school. Picture if you can and will a bevy of these good Christians coming down the street to tell Aunt Phoebe her husband has been "carrying on" in Nashville with "fallen women." They wore tight corsets and tight lips, feather boas, large hats and an indignant air, softened only by waves of commiseration for Phoebe. Sometimes one wonders why the lions weren't thrown to the Christians instead of the other way around.

Let's go on with our picture. Phoebe was surprised in her

flower garden. She was dressed in a long tight-fitting house dress of mull with ruffles below the elbow, not long enough to get into her work. Her soft brown hair was being gently blown into a halo around her sweet face. She looked up with pleasure to see her neighbors coming, but the pleasure was short-lived. In the shaded parlor a few moments later, the spokesman had planted the seed of disillusion in Phoebe's trusting mind.

"We would not have come today to distress you," she went on, "except that these matters are now of such long standing with apparently no sign of contrition or reformation, and we want you to know that whatever you decide to do about it we stand squarely back of you. If you do not wish to continue your domicile with this sinful man, we will shelter you."

Phoebe looked about her beautiful house and through the window out into the lovely garden that held so much of her heart, and resentment of these ugly intruders slowly gathered. The man they were describing as sinful was her husband, her partner in life. Were they so perfect? By what right did they judge Asa? If life was sweeping him along in currents too strong for him to resist was not this then the time he needed her most? "In sickness and in health" the vow had read. Was not this perhaps a kind of sickness?

Men had chambers of their beings women did not understand—violences certainly unknown to her. What was her duty to him? If his nature was dual, he had certainly married her to represent and to foster the higher side of himself? Was it not betrayal of his intent in marrying her, his expectation and hope of her if she measured him in his faltering by her own pale, pious yardstick? He had said nothing of all this folderol to her. Evidently he did not want her to know.

Perhaps it wasn't true at all. Perhaps the truth was being twisted or magnified. Hot anger clenched her teeth. Her decision was made. She had taken her stand by her husband

in solemn ceremony some years before and until he, himself, told her he did not want her, she meant to stay there. She rose with icy dignity and with one small, commanding gesture stopped the growing dramatic sympathy pervading the room.

"I have no intention of discussing the virtues or the sins of my husband with my neighbors. You may mean well, but I find what you say is not to be thought of. I don't understand men, and somehow I don't want to. I have my children, my music, my garden, my friends and my church. To the best of my ability, I fill my place in my husband's life; that place doesn't include any particular interest in the lower side of his masculine nature, if indeed he has a lower side. If I showed this interest, I'd feel unworthy of his respect and I'd certainly deserve to topple from the pinnacle where his love has placed me. Any further intimate revelations should come from him. And now, if you will excuse me—."

She moved toward the door, the better to bow them out. They gasped, and then flounced out in silence.

Eventually, through a chain of repetition, her words reached her husband. His pride in her was tremendous. Sometimes he would sit looking at her over the top of his newspaper and she would hear him chuckling softly. "What is it, Asa?" she would say.

"I was just seeing little you putting those old hens in their place. I'll bet old Mrs. Lloyd wishes she could find a wife like you for her erratic son."

Her utter dependence upon him was like an inescapable demand. Her love, admiration and idealism held him with a strong, light rein. She bore him five children. In later years, they drew closer and closer together. He never wanted to go anywhere without her. But no one realized how completely he adored her until, at the time of her death, near the age of eighty, he, a hale and hearty old gentleman, sat in

his armchair on the porch the day after her funeral and died quietly, apparently having willed himself to follow her.

She made him believe in himself, and in the life they were building together. The last time I saw her she said, "Any woman who puts her mind entirely on her own fascinations is going to discover they aren't enough to make a marriage. To keep before your husband the thought that he will, of course, be true to the lovely ideal you are building together, this is to insure your future together. Most men find it far more difficult to be true to a woman than to an idea."

The Brownings, the Nathaniel Hawthornes, the Morrrows and other devoted couples of past and present built something together. Their oneness, their love, their lives together was a kind of collaboration that was in itself a great absorption. It almost took the place of personality—their oneness was almost an entity that they were both nourishing. It really isn't difficult to build that kind of devotion. But one must bring something to it beyond the wish to do so. There must be a catching of the beauty and lilt of living that way which lifts it out of sentimentality into true sentiment. The person who doesn't catch the solid symmetry of its strong outlines and sees it only as "soupy" had best let it alone until he evolves to a point where he can really cope with it.

Love drawing two people together for the creation of a third element, body or personality is the highest reach of civilized merging of mind and emotion. All the animal senses are snared and their strength used in the supporting structure. The animal becomes a man and the man becomes a god. For such a man there is no competition. There could be no one comparable in his place.



I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY, BUT THEY DO. AT least so the insurance companies say, and let me tell you they leave no stone unturned to find out who lives the longest. They have to know!

Suppose you and I take a look around at our bachelor friends and the married men we know and reach some of our own conclusions. The oldest bachelor I know is about seventy, but checking into his past there is a span of about twenty-five years unaccounted for and about which he remains strangely uncommunicative. The conjectures range from one wife and seven children in a South American country to five wives and no children scattered over the world.

As a class the bachelors of my acquaintance lead a nerve-racking existence. On the one hand they're fending off scheming females. On the other, they are the victims of the dark suspicions of their married brothers who feel that they (the married brothers) are carrying the burdens of civilization while the bachelors sip the honey. And on still another hand, they are missing the peace, and soothing, albeit misguided, ministrations of a wife. All of which is enough to make them toss in the night. And that makes them poor guests, because it's so much easier for the housewife to make the beds of peaceful sleepers.

Then too there are off seasons for bachelors. Comes a time when the hair starts thinning and the waistline spreads a bit that they may wonder if they are still so devastating—so they

have to find out. All of which can lead into real drama. And what a shock to find out that the little lady who has waited so long finally discovers that she'd much rather cast her lot with an eager-for-domestic-joy returned G.I. than to settle down with pompous Percy.

While Mr. Bachelor doesn't have to get up in the night to see if junior has kicked his covers off and doesn't have to do anything but squirm away from little sticky fingers, he has to look forward to a benighted world which will be—one day when he is gone—sans his majestic mark on posterity. This prospect must be sheer torture for a man who regards himself as highly as a bachelor must regard himself in order to survive. Will someone please play "None but the lonely heart—"?

Yes, a bachelor's love life must be a great strain, for it has either to be brazen or surreptitious. (If it is brazen he loses caste. If surreptitious he loses sleep.) Danger of discovery and other complications may add its fillip of excitement, but whoever decided that the finest love life is lived with one eye on the door must be mildly insane. Yes, a roving life gathers no tax-exemptions.

The only real point in favor of bachelordom is so evanescent that it has yet to be pinned down as a fact. I refer to the commonly accepted belief that bachelors are never bothered with moths in their clothes. Well, there must be something wrong with a man that even moths don't like. Do you suppose it's a boycott on moral grounds? However, on the bachelor's side it should be pointed out that moths are inordinately interested in the propagation of their species.

Ah, yes, the bachelor can get up in the morning and not have to tell anybody what he is going to do that day, but that must pall after a while. Bachelors should and often do make use of their single state for the benefit of their work. It fits well into the secret service, certain types of research,

sleuthing—and also it fits into the all-for-me psychology of the only son brought up by a doting mother. Marriage might shatter the gossamer dream that the sun won't be up that morning until he smiles. But lots of men have all of this—and marriage too.

The only type of bachelor I have the slightest respect for—and I wish he had more backbone—is the young man who, in return for his gentle mother's early sacrifices for him takes on the burden of her support and finds himself enmeshed in the expenses of the family quite as though it were his home instead of hers. I don't know how women (mothers and sisters) manage this, but they seem to be quite good at it. It seems to me that the young have a right to follow precedent and to leave the nest at the appointed time like any other young animal—yet sometimes the young get fenced in. But that is another topic not to be tossed off lightly with a few brief remarks.

Remaining a bachelor seems to take a peculiar type of strength, to maintain which saps a man's vitality. A man has to be able to withstand a lot to remain single. Whether he knows it or not he is swimming upstream against the tide. So it isn't surprising that he wears out sooner than the man who just gives in and lets himself be swept along in the stronger current of nature's aims and women's wiles.

All a bachelor's defenses are destructive in the end. One of his protections against matrimony is a kind of half-baked disillusionment, which furnishes him with remarks for social conversation that pass, at times, as wise and bright. To the more discerning ear they sound merely like the howls of a disappointed child, howls dressed up in sophistry, garnished with a touch of acid wit. He is, after all, a maladjusted individual, trying to rationalize his position. He has to use what he can think of fast.

Biased opinions, inaccurate thinking, the whole structure

supporting a healthy male's shying-away from his normal destiny, take toll of his—or of anybody who indulges in them.

Perhaps he thinks he can't support a wife. Then he should try to get one who can help, either at clever dollar-stretching, or making money with some kind of work. He should find a girl who isn't insulted by being asked to share an honest effort to get along. Marriage has many benefits for the poor man. Sometimes the poor are better off than the moderately rich. The poor in the country can make most of their living off their land. The poor in a city have access to a number of advantages that are without cost.

The fear of poverty, in America at least, has hurt more marriages than actual lack. I don't think there's much happiness for anyone until he gets over being afraid of money.

I used to be afraid of it myself when I was very young. To such an extent that I would wake in the night in a cold sweat of worry over the fate of myself and my family. I took myself in hand and decided that I didn't have very much faith in myself or my God if I could work up such dithers over what we were both going to do with the future. So I stopped it.

An expression I heard a great deal as a child was carelessly spoken enough no doubt, but I, being always too literal, was impressed by it. Perhaps you've heard it too, "If they keep that up they'll land in the poorhouse" or some variation of that theme. So the poorhouse was the dramatic and horrible end of a web of failure or ill luck, old age and lack of thrift, but whatever the cause of getting there, it was the end of a dead end road, a spectre.

Of course this was not a too definite thing, just something hovering way back in the edges, the vaporous edges of consciousness. Then, once, in California, my maid, to whom I had promised some extra courtesy for extra work for me, asked me to drive her out to the poorhouse to see some old

man in whom she had some interest. I didn't relish the thought, but I dutifully drove her out there. Instead of a dismal, barren series of shacks on a sand-swept hill that I had somehow expected, we drove through stately gates and between landscaped lawns and flowers to an imposing entrance. There we were told to drive on and were given directions to find the old man. We passed a beautiful theater and concert hall, gardens of vegetables and cut flowers, a white hospital with immaculate nurses passing through the door. In the distance were fields devoted to farming, so beautifully laid out that the scene could well have been a water-color pastoral.

We heard music, laughter. Several old ladies joined by others stopped to chat and smiled and talked as though they were enjoying themselves. We found the old man on a sun porch, working at some inlaid woodwork to occupy himself. He seemed happy. As we drove home I was quietly thinking it all over. I had to admit that something had happened to me, some release had occurred. That poorhouse was as lovely as any house I had ever lived in and I had had some beautiful places.

I have the most charming friends who have quite risen above the tyranny of money. They are the happiest people I know. They have learned that money buys only stereotyped things. They have taught themselves to make life within themselves, to dictate the mood and tenor of their lives from within and not to be even swayed by the external circumstances of the purses.

I have known this couple to live in a shack—with their leather-bound books about them and their silver tea service! I have seen them living in a palace in Mexico. I have been entertained by them in a fabulous suite at the Ritz. I have had dinner with them in their bedroom in Greenwich Village (the kitchenette was in an erstwhile clothes closet). But always they have been the same, almost oblivious of their

background. They seem to have digested thoroughly and bodied forth in their action that wonderful couplet of Kipling

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same.\*

This couple have learned to make life with their minds and with their hands. He can make a table out of a couple of closet shelves and some old mop handles. She, armed with dyes, white bleach to take the color out of things and a fresh hue given afterward, can turn a dismal, distressing room into a harmony of bright and lovely color.

She has had her hair done at expensive beauty salons and she has given herself a permanent with materials that cost fifty-five cents. Once some friends sent her some lovely long-stemmed flowers and she hadn't a vase to put them in. Out in the back was an old basket. She bought twenty-five cents worth of plaster of Paris and lined the thing, painted it with a plastic enamel for another dime and, presto, she had a stunning container for flowers.

They make life richer for themselves by helping other people with theirs. They've always got a portrait painter in tow. Or they're always trying to get a talented child a scholarship for something or other. They're always getting jobs for people. And most of all their friends seek them for the wonder of their own inner joy and content.

The loving advice they give anyone who asks it is valuable but their greatest benefit to all who know them is that of themselves. They have found the key of life in living and working together. And of course they have few doctors' bills for they are very healthy. They often laugh and say they haven't time and can't afford to be ill. They think ill

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nature has a physical cause, and have a practical if amusing ritual with liver pills, when either of them is cranky.

Now the man in the case was a confirmed bachelor, who thought it very smart to make wisecracks about marriage. He had several allergies and a whole array of touchy patterns in his make-up. For instance, he couldn't sleep with a clock ticking in the room. If he was awakened after four o'clock in the morning, he couldn't go back to sleep, and his next day was ruined. He couldn't stand the odor of lilacs, or certain shades of green. He didn't like people to brush him closely in a crowd. It made him feel nauseated. He couldn't eat eggplant, carrots, turnips or oysters and he couldn't stand the sight of a raw chicken. There were other tensions.

On careful investigation I discovered that most of these dislikes had been gathered together as though they were precious and worthy treasures since he had been twenty-six years old. One or two he had had since childhood, but by concentrating on his own likes and dislikes, listening to himself and watching for his reactions, beginning at the age when a man is supposed to start thinking about a wife and several children, he had made his peculiar collection!

Note. Some married men, who have not changed their emotional tempo from bachelorhood even in marriage, die young, too. Line up the husband's who have gotten or kept a list of "just-can't-stand-that," who indulge their irritability with the ordinary rub and tear of living instead of taking it as a matter of course, and you will see before you a group of men among whom four out of five will die before fifty-five. That other one will sometimes live to sixty and occasionally an exception will last his sour life out to seventy or so, but be of small comfort to anybody, not even himself.

There are, for instance, those winter mornings when somebody must get up and close the windows and turn on the furnace or whatever starts the heat going. Perhaps husband

was working late at the office last night—well, maybe he WAS—and his adoring wife wants him to have every little minute of sleep he can get. So, she gets up, using her love as a kind of wool robe against the icy blast and she closes the window.

Husband, in drowsy fashion, thinks that wonderful; a little more wide awake he remonstrates, doing lip-service to chivalry. The next morning it is very easy to wait to see if wife will close the window.

If she doesn't it is natural to be a little disappointed about it and the next morning he may even feel that a great burden is his. It is certainly hard lines to have to get up and close that window because he has a wife to protect. There seems to be, underlying all his reactions, the fallacious notion that if it weren't for his wife he wouldn't have to brave an icy draught to close a window—EVEN THOUGH HE'S BEEN CLOSING WINDOWS EVERY WINTER OF HIS LIFE!

All through his marriage, if he isn't careful, he will collect the idea that his wife is a very great burden, when less than half of his thoughts on the subject are true because life must go on for him, with its rasps and inconveniences whether he is married or not. It is so easy to make wife a whipping boy for the unavoidable in all one's dissatisfactions. Every husband indulges in this whimsy to a greater or lesser degree. But it is so absolutely necessary to have somebody to blame that man has in his religions invented the devil himself to personify all that may be wrong with life. When all mankind has to do to dispel discord of any kind is to get at the truth about it and to act honestly upon that truth.

Marriage is so intimate and his discomforts are so intimate that a man is likely to confuse the two. As he makes his wife the convenient peg on which to hang his normal share of strain and discord, he starts to scowl and snarl at her and then the result is anybody's guess.

As we have already pointed out, advertising has left the



male with the misbegotten impression that he has only to sit back and judge the females in his life, without so much as lifting a finger to merit or earn his way. This generally accepted notion is responsible for more divorces than even the other woman.

It isn't entirely the man's fault. He can hardly be blamed for believing the thousands of ads that meet his eye in every paper and magazine he picks up. Four-fifths of them show some lovely lady actually in the act of beguiling a man by the sheen of her hair, the softness of her hands or the lightness of her pancakes. Stoves, carpets, bathing suits and compacts are offered as great helps in pleasing the elusive male.

So what could be more natural than that he will marry the one who lures him the most, never realizing that this girl has an ego to be fed that is almost as hungry as his own for approval and confirmation. Here is a human being, yes, wives are humans, with needs, deep-seated pressures and urgencies like his own. She wants to please him—yes. But that is only a part of what she needs. And unless he spends some thought on those unadvertised needs he is going to find himself in difficulties.

The solution, he believes, is to leave the tangle with the one he has and start in with another—but he will merely compound the felony until he sees a wife as a responsibility psychologically, mentally and spiritually as well as physically. And seeing that, he will be delighted to discover how easy it is to feed her ego, to fulfill her sense of drama, to make it easier for her to worship him.

God seems to have fashioned life for marriage. As Luther said, "Each creature seeks its perfection in another. The very heavens and earth picture it to us."

These "touchy" husbands are still emotional bachelors who have never learned how to live with others.

Someday our high schools will have courses that teach people how to make adjustments and what each partner to a marriage should bring to that adjustment. Education that teaches us how to live—and to live together—is far more needed than much that occupies our school time today. Ah, well, improvements always evolve out of needs—but isn't it a slow evolution?

Married men live longer than bachelors for many reasons, physical, psychological and economic. In every life there is reached one to four impasses, points where frustration, inability and a complete debacle of circumstances bring the sharp necessity to keep on keeping on, to end it all, or to start afresh in some way. The bachelor at those times has far less incentive to go on. He is situated so that he has little to do but view his chaos and his taste for life is dulled—or his sense of failure unimpeded takes its full toll of him. The married man has the pull of responsibilities which, though not pleasant in a debacle, are very, very good medicine. He is prodded into making new effort, and always nature's and time's healing takes place under continued effort. His wife probably encourages him, if she is the right sort, and in all the ways a fine woman can bring healing to a man, she aids his recovery. Whereas the bachelor just sits and, thinking only of himself, gets the full impact and all the acuteness of his failures. And ingrowing thoughts always tend to take a destructive taint.

The *Ladies Home Journal* has done a wonderful thing to contribute to the happiness and therefore the longevity of the nation. They conducted a poll to determine the sources of human happiness and the causes of unhappiness. It was very revealing and to my mind one of the most important gestures that has yet been made to help the individual in his search for happiness. It was a simple thing—just a matter of

question-asking of enough people and enough varieties of people to bring out some genuine truths.

The survey showed clearly and decisively that married people were far more happy than unmarried ones, that for most people, money or lack of it, is not a primary or conclusive factor in happiness. First on the agenda of happiness is a happy home life. Next is an acceptance of religion. Third is good health. Money, compatible work and location are way down the list, though many people thought they would be happier if they had more money, few of them thought it would guarantee them greater joy. These findings may come as a shock to those of us who haven't analyzed the component parts of happiness very thoroughly.

The "very happy" classification admitted that they didn't worry very much. And here is where religion may play its constructive role, for if one has faith in the over-all rightness and divine intelligence back of all the seeming world he is not going to worry as much as the man who is suspicious that the world is a ship without a rudder on timeless and turbulent uncharted seas.

So, get yourself a wife and a religion and tend both of them if you want the two primary factors of happiness. Is it any wonder then that irreligious men and women, cynical about love, children and a home, must find pleasure, if any, in an unending search in sense and license?

The happy man lives longer, anyone will agree—for there is nothing like content to aid the most favorable functioning of circulation, secretions of the glands and the behavior of the spontaneous nerve reactions governing the various organs.

It is definitely true that expectancy is a potent factor in health and longevity. To plan in that expectancy as for a home, children, future security, the children's education, vacation pleasures, a favorite dessert that night—anything

that leads the mind on in pleasurable planning—draws the whole man into a kind of continuity that not only extends his influence, but his years of living.

One can't help thinking of the Biblical quotation, "He who would lose his life shall find it." When we throw our strength into other lives, it is like weaving the strands of a cord to which we can cling if we would climb in consciousness and effectiveness.

Now of course, there are plenty of people who live and die for other reasons, but they do not disprove by their erratic course that they would have been happier and lived longer had they followed the normal wholesome way of life.

In all truth, we must admit that almost all of us have a charming bachelor friend, a kind of family pet, like the turtle the children brought home from the summer camp, or the canary bird with blue wings. He has a few pale uses. For instance if junior admires him, it may make him a little more wary about marriage and make him careful about whom he marries.

Little sister has a chance to study the male in his elusive moods to see just how he maintains his resistance to matrimony and to discover his weaknesses. She whets her knowledge and her skill on his personality. He makes her realize that she has to bring more than a little to the partnership of marriage. In fact he has that same effect on all females, for good or ill.

The bachelor for that and other reasons usually gravitates into a firm friendship with a married woman. He falls into it quite naturally because she isn't after him. He relaxes his defenses and his fears of being snared and, alas, being relaxed and his charming self, he sometimes really falls in love with the lady he can't have—and must limp away with his wounded unrequited love—or engage in that most despicable

pastime on earth, the breaking up of another man's home. That is an excellent way of shortening his life!

But if the friendship stays on the platonic basis, he can be quite an addition to any home, like a handsome Labrador retriever or any additional asset on the premises. A real bachelor friend is a very great convenience. He can even be induced to be a baby-sitter on occasion—and greater love hath no man. He can be trained to beam at wallflowers, bring along an extra loaf of bread, and be the first to know the low-down about the new neighbors.

In fact, what is home without its bachelor—one or more? But they must cultivate the transient spirit if they would be happy. I have often advised bachelors who were job seeking, to attach themselves to an attractive married couple. After a while, the husband gets tired of the baffling intimacy of laughs and bossing on the wife's part in her growing possessiveness of the bachelor. Then he, the husband, almost unconsciously sets about getting his dear friend a job some thousand miles away. He makes a wonderful agent, without knowing it.

Just so, I have advised girls who seemed unable to land a husband to attach themselves to an attractive married couple. It works the same way. Presently the wife devotes all her spare time to getting dear little Trudy married off—and her husband's talents are enlisted too. He finds himself often enmeshed in plots and counter plots to ensnare one of his own pals into that runaway to the altar.

Bachelor girls present their problems too, to the normal married society. Isn't it dreadful to see these things right out in print! However indelicate it may be, ladies and gentlemen, it is true! Yes, yes, any president knows that the way to get rid of attractive opposition is to "kick him upstairs." Promote him, celebrate him, but get him on his way!

Nature has planted these simple reactions in the human

breast with the one instinct of preserving the home. I don't think any political theory decrying the home and religion, will ever supplant it permanently. If, for reasons of personal want, such theories ever become the victor in the world battle of ideas, they will soon or late discover themselves beaten by the ones they have presumably vanquished. It won't be the first time in history that the victor has been absorbed by the vanquished.

Nature will have her way and after millions of years of experimenting she says in effect, that the home and marriage are the best place to forge content, health, wisdom.

Besides all this, I don't think bachelors really have a good time, do you? They have a certain amount of independence, peace, or rather silence (is that peaceful?). They haven't even anybody to blame their miseries on. Now a married man can sit down with a friend in a cocktail lounge and combining confidences with cognac can work up a real case for himself. He's a victim and therefore a hero of sorts. I tell you there's a lot of satisfaction in having some place to put our dissatisfactions. Not that Mabel isn't the finest little wife in the world, but you pal, you do understand, don't you? The depth of poignant recognition of his supreme sacrifices for her and the children, that is a high moment in a man's life—a moment no bachelor can ever claim.

These soul-cleansing emotions clear out the debris in a married man's subconscious mind and leave him a healthier animal. Now a bachelor has no such way of getting rid of his accumulation of negation. He must reach his dry little factual conclusions in his dreary, lonely-no-matter-how-he-grins mind, but he misses these grand upheavals that keep a man mindful of his potential greatness.

The bachelor friend, even in his own great house or a gay red apartment of his own never quite rings true. He's like a child playing "lady-come-to-see." One must be very grave in

one's acceptance of him as a host. A few of them have made such a career of it that their perfections have made them famous. One can become any kind of a magician, master of illusion, with that much practice!

I have known some delightful bachelors, but I have never known a happy one. A very famous one, now dead, was regarded by the world as one of its happiest men. In fact I accepted him as such, until one night, out in California, he and I were the first arrivals at a party. We stood before the freshly lit fire-coals being ignited by a flame of gas that would be turned off when they had caught. Some real liking and instinctive sympathy for the man made me say, "And how are you ———, are you happy?" Silence. Then, "Do you see that fire?" He pointed to the gas flames leaping between the lumps of coal. "It's a fake." Then he turned to greet some arriving people and we never got back to the subject. I have reason to think he was never so frank before or since. Clever, famous men have, for whatever reasons of their own, flayed marriage, had their day and say, got paid handsomely for their bright cynicisms, and then turned around and married—after they'd done their damage!

H. L. Mencken, one of our truly great brains, spent years making wisecracks about matrimony, then he married a charming lady in Baltimore and, though she died early, her graciousness must have had its effect on him; now he writes in delightful minutiae, long books, delicate and nostalgic, of his childhood and boyhood! He's forgotten where he laid that lemon that he used to squeeze over all his manuscripts. He has succumbed. Perhaps he wants to live longer.

So, don't pay any attention to contrary-to-nature opinions of the great, the near-great and the neurotic. Marjorie Hillis wrote *Live Alone and Like It*. At the time, she was an editor on *Vogue*, a conventional, good-family, career maiden lady. But, having got her ode to living alone on paper, she pro-

ceeded almost immediately to forsake her own tenet and to marry! Now, not everybody who read the book, read the news of her marriage, and thousands of them, finding some justification for their own maladjustment in the lady's bright and clever book, don't know yet that its author is as married as she can be. Her book wasn't meant exactly as an attack on marriage, but many people took it for that, and no doubt it did much good when so many women were alone during the war years. But, at almost any time, marriage is the way of happiness.

I know a few, single people who are well-adjusted, or at least as well as one can adjust to the state of aloneness. But, all in all, after a considerable experience with people, I do not hesitate to say that almost any kind of a marriage is better than none. It certainly takes the mind off the self, even the pains are divided! People seem to grow more through the agonies, if any, of marriage than they do through those of singleness—unless, of course, they choose the religious dedication of their lives to others as in a monastery or nunnery.

Every state has its compensations. Life would indeed be cruel if it were otherwise. No doubt, as time goes on, the state—it's adherents refer to it as single blessedness—satisfies many people. There is an occasional set of circumstances where people have been wise to stay single, but for every one of these there are thousands who should have and didn't marry.

But honestly, all the reasons I can think of why men don't marry are guaranteed to shorten anybody's life. Some of them are afraid to reveal a certain weakness or flaw. I know a plump man who wears a corset, which he fancies is his secret. He is afraid a woman would laugh at him if she knew. Another has false teeth. Another has a social position far above the rest of his family and doesn't want anybody, cer-



tainly not a wife, to get close enough to him to discover his humbler beginnings.

The tensions, emotional blocks and little fears of all such situations would use up the life sap and run its sands all too soon. Nerve strain and tensions whittle down the years. Not work, not responsibility, not difficult routine.

Perhaps an occasional man just hasn't met a woman to whom he cares to propose. (This is the excuse he gives to his intimates—and the one he tries to accept himself.) But if he is thirty-five, he knows as well as I do that this just simply isn't true. He may not have met a woman he wanted who he was reasonably sure wanted him. And he didn't want to run the risk of refusal. It would somehow have humiliated him. Poor little man! Someone should take him by the hand, sit him down and tell him a few things that make a man attractive. Having stormed a lady's heart—and lost—makes any man a romantic figure, almost more romantic than the man who won. The most attractive man I know is always talking about the girls who turned him down. It's a line of popularity with him. He'll watch a girl dancing and say quite casually, with the most engaging grin, "There's a girl who nearly broke my heart. She turned me down." On another occasion he came over to our table smiling and said, "Put a good word in for me with Helen, I'm not getting anywhere—and I'm giving it all I've got!"

Naturally, no one believes that so attractive and frank a young man can fail in all the suits he claims, so it becomes a little amusing, a little quaint, and puts all the girls in a very flattering position which they just adore. He has more friends than anybody I know. He knows that a man can richly afford to be the suitor—win or lose—and that the world just loves him for it. He's a bachelor, but trying hard apparently, not to be. Faint heart never won fair lady. This only proves that another cause of tension, fear of failure with

a girl, need not really hold a man back. The rejected suitor is a real figure in any town. And any man so awfully afraid of failure, certainly can't be sure enough of himself in any regard to make much of a mark in life. Such men devote themselves to business, usually make a lot of money, lose their hair, and become the "extra man" in their set—finally going down the aisle because they're afraid to face old age alone.

Personally, I've never known a bachelor who didn't have indigestion. I'd love to see some statistics on that question. Bride's biscuits may be a national joke, but the tons of pills that bachelors take have piled up wealth for the chemists and the druggists. I don't mean that married people don't take a lot of them too, but among my acquaintance, bachelors make their nostrums a daily habit.

I don't subscribe to the old-fashioned notion that restaurant and hotel food is bad for one. I enjoy it. But there's something about the way a bachelor eats that seems to arouse a chronic resentment in his digestive system. Perhaps he eats alone too much—and that means he eats too fast. He grabs breakfasts and lunches on the wing. Perhaps it's the uncertainty of where he is going to eat and with whom that causes a lack of relaxation and homey pleasure at mealtime.

There are some standing jokes about seeing the same face across the table every morning, but it's apparently a good thing for the human anatomy just the same. We're speaking of most of us of course. It seems to be proved that walking to one's own dinner table, sitting down relaxed and expectant to a savory meal prepared or arranged by someone interested in our likes and dislikes is good for one's health. Presiding over the family service and encouraging the merry conversation of friends and youngsters tend to promote that expansive feeling of content that lengthens life. Apparently the worry and work of getting and maintaining that arrangement

is well worth it. For some reason a man just won't think enough of what is good for him to eat. It may bore him for his wife to talk about it too much, but she lengthens his life just the same. A paid cook is more interested in getting a delicious meal than a wholesome one. But little wife tries to make it two-in-one.

It would be hard to convince some wives that married men were any more unselfish than single ones. But willingly or no, a husband and father has to think of his responsibilities, can't brush away the calendar of bills, anniversaries and duties, so his mind is automatically pulled more away from himself into a forced continuity that extends ever ahead of him. And where could one find a greater spur to longevity than in an interpenetrating sense of continuity. Life goes on—for a married man. A bachelor makes his, day by day. There just isn't the same reach. This one point is strong enough to explain the fact that married men really do live longer.

The fact that somebody at home cares and is waiting draws a married man on in what should be a pleasant expectancy from day to day. Having one's mother at home waiting fails to fill that dramatic hunger fully. Even having someone at home who ought to care but doesn't, certainly takes a man's mind off his other troubles and gives him a problem to solve that is not beyond his capacities as a rule.

To be forced to deal with other people, to be forced to make one's peace in human relationships, to enjoy the warmth of constant affection and caring, with all its rasps, demands and inconveniences, teaches a man willy-nilly some of the arts of living. And when one knows how to live—one lives longer.



## *GROW OLD TOGETHER— NOT COLD TOGETHER*

THERE ARE THREE PHASES IN MARRIAGE: the first bliss, the period of disillusion and adjustment, and the decisive phase in which the couple go their separate ways or emerge with a deeper assurance of their oneness.

In the average marriage between two sincere, healthy, well-mated people, the bliss period lasts from one to five years, the disillusion and adjustment phase lasts from two to ten years—and the last phase needs no further explanation, since the matter is either ended or lasts till the end.

A marriage is worth any time or effort required to make it last. There are only a few really insurmountable barriers to permanence. As time rolls on we have to learn to live with each other's faults, to admit them, adjust to them and to learn to love the other's virtues.

Since people seem to marry without analyzing each other's faults, why can't they go on living together without analyzing them? As the song says, "Accentuate the positive—"

Considering the feminine and masculine natures it would appear that sixty per cent of the attitudes that make a marriage last are more in the feminine province. Therefore women are more responsible than men for most of the break-ups. However even the best of them need more than a little cooperation from their spouse. For the man who realizing that making a marriage last is mostly the woman's business, lies down on the job entirely writes finis to the whole thing.

The best way to level out each one's willingness to do his

part is to set about establishing a firm friendship as a working foundation. Now, let me warn you that friendship isn't enough to carry a marriage, it's just a good start and something to rest the weight on in strains. A marriage is only real when the flame of romance is kept burning, however it may flicker at times.

And don't let any pessimists tell you that the candle can't be relighted after the winds of anger have blown it out. In a long marriage the flame dies again and again. The only danger is in letting it stay out for too long a time.

And don't think that because your romance seems to have gathered a little dust that it has disintegrated. And don't get discouraged because you can see only too well your own faults that might easily mar your marriage. There is enough wrong with all of us to wreck us, except for the saving fact that we also have strong virtues—even *one* may be enough to carry things along.

Keep building underneath, memories, happy moments—let your pleasure in your mate develop into a kind of continued story. Learn to dramatize the beauty and the continued story in your own devotions. People have to be reminded, shown the value of what they have from time to time. Don't wait until jealousy prompts you to dramatize your own worth as a mate.

The male grows restive under these ideas. He usually says, squirming a little, "Why not just let it come along naturally?" The last man I heard say that has had three wives. He wouldn't dream of letting his business "come along naturally" but he expects his marriage to do all right without any thought or plan! And yet his marriage, unless he is a callous soul, can make or break him faster than his business can. Certainly its failure will take its toll of him.

In the writings of most analysts whether legal or psychological or religious, sex bears a great responsibility in making

a marriage last. After dealing with people for many years, studying statistics, talking to others who deal with people's intimate lives, doctors, ministers, psychiatrists and doing a lot of living myself, my conclusion—and you don't have to believe it if you don't want to—is that sex is overrated on the one hand and too much ignored on the other.

It is the woman's place to provide an atmosphere of romance against which the man must play his part of romantic lover, or bear the loss of accumulated disappointments to his wife. The woman can go only so far. The man must learn about women, about himself, and teach himself to be a sensitive, fine lover. Many a man thinks that just being a healthy animal makes him a desirable husband physically. He couldn't be more mistaken. There are fine books on sex written by earnest, thoughtful people whose only desire is to help the human race with one of its gravest problems. Their contribution should be taken seriously. The greatest mistake a man can make is to assume he is a great lover because he has been successful with a few undisciplined and weak-minded, loose or pining females. Gathering up the crumbs of sex from life's rich table, he imagines himself a prince, when he is only a bus boy.

Easy success in anything should be mistrusted. The other person's disadvantage doesn't always imply that you have a great talent. Success in such pitiful emotional emergencies is probably not a personal compliment at all. Any healthy animal with a fair line could have done the same thing! Such "success" proves nothing, except that sex is a powerful force.

Real success in sex comes from making your life partner desired and desiring and keeping her that way. Making a romance out of sex, instead of a mere function, requires some civilized thinking, the technique of a virtuoso and a knowledge of what goes on in a woman's heart and mind as well as

her body. Any husband who will trouble to discover these things for himself will have a happy wife and a happy life for his pains.

Why not have your wife rooting for you instead of living in a quiet, unspoken, deflated resentment? When it is so easy to have the benefit of her fullest approval, why risk having her black thoughts pulling you down. For thoughts are things—and the weight of a discontented woman has carried many a man down in the swift drowning currents of a confused life. No really superior male need experience that drag. He has it in his power to create a beautiful life for himself and his mate. But he has to make it so. It doesn't "just happen along."

There is no woman so coarse that she doesn't want to be regarded as something precious by the man in her life. In fact, Beau Brummel, when asked what was the secret of his success with women, replied, "Oh, I just treat the Duchesses like loose women and the loose women like Duchesses. It delights both of them."

Sex should be important, arranged for, dramatized and lived. But if you want to win your wife's undying respect and devotion, make her feel that it isn't just sex you want. Let her feel that sex is secondary to your essential oneness. Whether or not you agree, you will be smart if you make it appear as I suggest, women being what they are. Yes, any woman wants to be desirable and desired.

The age for physical love has yet to be determined. It is so highly an individual matter that no generalized advice applies. When there is real love and true sensitivity between two people they will find their way and it will be the right way for them.

To prolong romance in a marriage is the man's job. When he is weary from life's struggles with business and other dif-

faculties he, little by little, forgets the little gestures that keep the flame of physical love alive. How quickly it dies without these gestures!

"You're still a beautiful woman, Mary," an uncle of mine kept saying to his wife. No one knows how long their love life continued, but they lived a very long life in love.

Perhaps your wife isn't a great beauty, but she has some attractive features. Perhaps her hands are lovely. Perhaps her knees are well-shaped, or her feet unusually nice. Maybe it's the nape of her neck that seems perfect or her eyes or hair. Whatever you can find honestly to admire about her, for heaven's sake, tell her. And tell her every day!

Many a woman listens to the tempting voice of the wolf that wrecks her home simply because she was dying on the vine from hunger to be told that she was beautiful and loved. Say, "I love you!" till you fall flat on your face. It will never be too much for the ears of the woman who is devoting herself to you. You say you can't go in for such nonsense? All right! Don't say I didn't warn you. You may think it isn't important but don't pay any attention to your "practical" wife who agrees with you when you say you can't talk much about love. She's dying to hear it anyway.

How well I remember one of these practical couples in my home town. They banned "mushy love talk." They sneered at protestations of love. They disliked sappy sentiment. They were good sensible friends. Their marriage was a comfortable arrangement of two intelligent, sensible people. Oh, indeed! Well, they had built up quite a store in the town together and now that they were prosperous she was at the beautiful home he had built for her—still sensible. More and more diamonds appeared on her hands, her wrists, her neck and ears. Her furs were lush and lovely. All this material luxury was the fruit of their sensible life together.



Aren't you beginning to smell a mouse? You're absolutely right.

At the age of forty-four, she ran away with a concert tenor of thirty-eight—not only because his profile and music enchanted her senses, but because he told her she was lovely and that he couldn't live without her. And he called her his charming little kitten! After all, her husband was so practical and sensible he surely wouldn't even care if she had gone overboard for romance. Her husband was so sensible that he could easily get another practical partner, so she didn't worry much about him. He couldn't explain why he suddenly lost twenty-five pounds. He realized, too late, that it is just as possible to be too sensible as it is to be too foolish.

The wonder of a growing love, one that ripens with the years yields a genuine nourishment that may be said to prolong life. Devotion bears within itself a kind of continuity—it takes a strand of time and stretches it into further and still further meaning.

The time comes when love grows along a life that harmony blooms more and more. To hold another hand to steady it, is also to steady oneself, for love like mercy blesses the giver and the receiver. To think at once of the other's good instead of one's own draws the mind away from the narrowing self into the wider cycles of consciousness where riches from the everywhere of Being are gathered and stored in the soul. To have another vessel that carries our virtues and forgets our stumbling is like writing the best of oneself in a book, a living book that speaks and tell us of the beauty of what we have done. This focus of the self away from itself lifts the whole being up from the primal beginning of brute materialism and opens new worlds to our lifted vision. New, high, heady worlds that only those who have loved and put the beloved above the self can know or possess!

Such blessing and such greatness do not come with trum-

pets and acclaim, but quietly and deeply. Worth, truth, goodness are gathered bit by bit until one day they are a bulwark against ugliness and death, a ladder to whatever heights the mind can rise.

Each day of marriage one must make a choice, often many times a day. The choice is—will I follow a new flash of interest, follow new ways, new gods, strange precepts, the voices that shout derisively at virtue, duty and the ways of faith and peace, or will I stay in the garden I have planted and the love I have sworn to hold dear? What have those who draw you out of it to offer in its stead? A graceful easy way of sinning? How casually they tear the gossamer web of virtue with the jeweled hand of cynicism, and make you ashamed of your ideal! The precepts that seemed so strong and sure fray and break before the laughing derision of coarser themes. Baubles, badges and bubbles of pleasure can catch one unawares and—one can easily sell his soul for a little power. Poor man, must you leave your garden of Eden—and wander, how many years, to find truth again?

In marriage one must let the half-gods go, that the gods may arrive. One emerges through duty and even dull devotion, if one knows how to deck it with gladness, into the reward of high joy and beauty, happiness that is real and sure.

In the attic of a country house I used to visit as a child were old trunks and boxes of old letters. I was allowed to spend rainy days there and to explore everything. There were snap-shot books of people of other generations in what to me seemed silly-looking clothes. But in the letters I found such interest that I forgot their writers had been gone for many years, some of them for more than a century. The writing was not modern and some of the expressions were strange to me but the ideas and sentiments were as fresh as my clean pinafore.

I organized them chronologically in piles on the floor, and then reread them the better to reconstruct the personalities they represented. These people became so real to me that they had a profound influence on my own mind. Fortunately for me they were God-fearing or rather God-loving and were folk with gentleness and honor. Their plans, hopes, strivings, prides, loves were in those letters and their fascinating stories held me in thrall.

My particular favorites were the courtship letters of a couple I shall call Amy and Josiah Lewis. Josiah appeared first in a letter Amy wrote to her mother from a young lady's Academy in Nashville. "I have met a young man of pleasing bearing, Mama. He came with Patty's brother to see her one Sunday afternoon. Her mother had sent some cakes, knowing how monotonous is the fare here, and under the cakes were pieces of fried chicken. They asked if I might join them in the parlor and though it was my afternoon to write letters, the headmistress allowed me to do so. Patty's family will be in Europe at Christmas time—and Mama I want so much to ask Patty, her brother and this young man Josiah Lewis home with us so they will not miss the true spirit of home and holiday. Please say that I may, Mama, etc."

Mama must have said yes, for later letters refer to the happy time at Christmas. One from Josiah to Amy finished with "Only eternal servitude could essay to discharge my obligation for your generous hospitality. It was as though an angel had looked on my lonely heart with compassion. How so lovely a creature as yourself could have given so much to so unworthy a wretch as I will ever remain a heavenly mystery. Since I will always be your slave and will ever be where you are in spirit, will you not accept this poor photograph of one who carries your beautiful face in his heart. where it will ever remain."

I searched through the albums of pictures until I found Josiah at the age of twenty-two. Clearly this was the time when Josiah declared his love for Amy and there seems little doubt that Amy loved him. To her mother she wrote, "I like him very much, Mama."

To her father she wrote, "Oh, Papa, it is as you said. I know at last. (Amy was eighteen.) You said that when the man who was to be my husband came along, I would know. I walk each day in a dream of happiness that almost stops my heart. Oh, Papa, I am in love."

The wedding pictures of Amy and Josiah give little hint of the depth of their romance. They looked strangely unemotional and seemed too stiff to have so much grace in their hearts. Those pictures and letters taught me never to judge by the exterior in fathoming people's minds and souls.

But with that wedding there began a typical wedded life that carried them through the panoramic experience every marriage is likely to have. They were married sixty-six years, and according to the letters most of it was lyrical. And according to those same letters most of their friends and relatives were engaged in the same sort of lives.

One hears it said in every discussion on marriage that it was easier for a couple to get along in the old days, easier to stay married, because there was nothing else for a woman to do; and they just suffered out their lives living through years with brutal husbands and simply took what they got and made the best of it. To me that is sheer nonsense. Any one who has read my attic letters or those like them can tell at once that these people were not unhappy. On the contrary they seemed to have found a high stratum of accord, a field of true marriage and oneness.

They do seem to have had time for more letter-writing than we have today, but they apparently took pleasure in setting down on paper at great length and in profuse detail

the daily record of their happiness. Their problems and quarrels, their trips and struggles are written to someone, mother, friend or husband—and I did note that each woman seemed to respect and lean on her husband a little more than modern wives do. There may be a big secret. And in response the husbands seem more articulate in baring their hearts and drawing strength in triumph and adversity from their wives. I'm sure that is a great big secret. **DON'T BE AFRAID TO DRAW HEAVILY** on the heart and mind of the woman you want to stay *on* your side—as well as *by* your side.

Josiah wrote to his wife during a stay in Washington when he was harassed by impending failure of his business and meeting with cool opposition at the seat of government: "Amy, my Sweet, How can I tell you how my tired and lonely heart rushes to you at the end of these tedious days. I walk into this chamber to rest only to learn that the only rest for me is where you are. I sit quietly and close my eyes and draw near to you. I hear your voice and in it the quiet strength of you. Then it appears to me that I become slowly filled with fresh courage, as though a vessel were being filled at a charming fountain of cool and refreshing water. My mind clears of its fatigue and cobwebs and I lay me down with the sure knowledge that on the morrow I can meet whatever it brings—and perhaps shape it to our better fortunes. Good-night and God bless you, my sweet and lovely wife—from your Josiah."

How often these days one hears a husband say, "I always tried to protect my wife from the ups and downs of my business. I didn't want to distress her, because she wasn't too well anyway," etc., etc. and so on to the divorce. Go ahead and distress her if it means that you are facing things together and that she is a part of the partnership. Don't go on trying to be both partners! If you don't let her worry

about you she simply has more time to worry about herself and she will develop breakdowns, allergies and complexes!

It's much better mental hygiene for her to worry about you! It isn't very soul-satisfying to live through many days in which you just get up and wonder what you can do to please yourself. That is a dead end road. But to be engaged in a partnership where you can see the effect of what you put into it and gather the blossoms and fruits of your own cultivating in another heart and life—this is exciting and fills one with watchful expectancy, a splendid sense of quiet drama. This unfolding and annealing draws a marriage into time like a continued story.

I don't know whether people in the old days drew on each other unconsciously or consciously, but the fact remains that this best way of welding two lives together seems to have been a definite part of marriage. Clever analysts, jurists and writers talk about what's wrong with marriage today. But the truth is simple, not at all involved. Married people just don't draw on each other enough to make the partnership exciting. Demanding that one's breakfast be so, that the newspaper be placed so, that the house be kept so is a poor excuse for the deeper demanding, the call on understanding, nobility, the partnership in the struggle of life that makes adversity fun and creates strength enough for two people to weather prosperity.

Make your wife contribute to the decisions you make. If she doesn't know enough at first to do so, then make her learn what she needs to know to be of value to you in that intimate way. Get books and see that she reads them or teach her yourself. Otherwise, she is merely a mistress, a play-thing you own for your pleasure. (As a wife, she is lost already.) Having your activities a mystery to her and her domestic life something you merely enjoy for your creature

comfort is a mere mockery of marriage, a strange and almost indecent exchange of talents.

It is an erroneous notion that it is the woman's place to establish this atmosphere. Why? The man, when he makes up his mind to do so, is much better at organizing a situation and getting it around to the most satisfactory point. His executive mind is well-used in this connection.

It may be true that married people of other generations had to draw on each other and thus welded their union because there were fewer places and people to draw upon.

But since it is the simplest way to make a marriage last one wonders why it isn't employed more today. Amy did not think less of Josiah because he was a human being with some of the temptations, failings and doubts that assail most human beings. She was drawn into his life, his feelings and reactions completely. She was more uncritical of him than of herself.

A husband said to me lately, "My wife doesn't understand me at all. She has no interest in my aims and ideas."

The wife later said to me with heartbreaking wistfulness in her face, "My husband has never let me feel near to his inner self, yet he comes to me at times and wants me to be enthusiastic about some plan I am not prepared to understand, and seems to resent it when I don't respond. If he would only draw me along from the beginning and let me feel that my reaction is a little important it would be different. But usually he tells me of a plan as though he were trying to show how much smarter he is than I am. He is sarcastic about certain of my personality traits and very, very critical of details in the house. When I am afraid of displeasing him in some domestic matters, when I am shown my stupidity against his terrific brain power, how can I be enthusiastic about projects in which my ignorance is merely food for more of his sarcasm? I often wish he would give me a little

time to bring me up to par in these plans of his. I wish he'd let me get near to him, but it seems to be a necessity to step on me in order to aggrandize himself, and we are growing further and further apart."

One of Amy's letters to Josiah ran, "How grateful I am for the goodness of life in bringing us together. Your patience with my ignorant youth, the sweetness of the way you taught me your ways, the wonderful feeling that you support me when I am weak or mistaken, these are my most precious treasures. When I look at the presents, the jewelry you have given me, when I show them to our grandchildren, I often wish there were some way I could show them these greater jewels, these gifts of yourself that have been mine. I am the most blessed of women."

So long as a woman feels that she is estimated as though she were a neighbor across the street or some woman sitting across the room, how is she ever going to feel herself one half of a whole—and until she has that feeling of unity, you haven't a wife at all.

While it is, to all appearances, a step forward in civilization for a husband and wife to be complete, whole and separate entities and to respect each other's privacy, in marriage it is a kind of tightrope which few people can walk. Most of them fall off. Beginning with twin beds, first one wall and then another grows up and in the normal pull and rasp of human relationships they retire too often and too long behind their walls and estimate each other from their ambushed positions where also they can take advantageous pot shots at each other.

Living separately in the married state is little more than legalized sex, and even that is bound to be temporary. It may not be so fastidious to force yourself to live WITH each other until you learn how it is done, but only in the loving articulation of unselfishness and consideration in the incon-



veniences and sometimes disorder of close contact is a true marriage ever built. If one cares enough and wants to, one can introduce into this close contact enough attractive and orderly notions to make the situation tenable for the most fastidious. Sometimes it is merely laziness or selfishness or lack of desire to make the effort to live closely in harmony that sends people grasping for their privacy. Since everything costs something, the rugged individualists will miss some of the things they must give up for real marriage. But a true marriage is worth anything it costs and is the most blessed state known to us here in this imperfect world.

Some men and some women make a god of order and sacrifice their marriage to its worship. Others are too disorderly. The Bible states it well in describing the sacrifice necessary to maintain any state of perfection in harmony, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." If you want your marriage to last you must put it first, first before your pride, before your habits, good or bad, before your ambition—it must be **FIRST** and all else come after.

No doubt it is more comfortable in many ways to have a separate room. I know many people who feel they couldn't live any other way. A few of them, very few, have enough other graciousness and lack of stubborn pride in emergencies to make a go of marriage too. But discord blows over much more quickly when two people are in close quarters and must make their peace or else. When they can pass through a door and lock it, there is not the same urgency to make amends.

Of course these remarks are addressed to people who are civilized, who are in love, but whose romance is somehow in the doldrums.

Marriage is seldom broken up by anything cataclysmic or even by a beautiful blonde. It is a slow process most of the time, a growing cold together, instead of old together. First a tiny wedge of criticism that makes the addressee feel as

though he were estimated instead of being loved. It doesn't effect a great change, it just dulls the edge of desire to get close to that other person. One doesn't want to draw too close to a sharp instrument or a barb. It's too small to make a scene about. It may even bring a good-natured grin. But desire begins to lessen.

Women, being what they are, can live on beautiful memories, and the man who will trouble to create a few for his wife can take long vacations between the creations of those memories. A hard-working young husband out in California used to come home in the afternoon and do the baby's wash for his delicate little wife. They lived in an apartment court and he had to hang the clothes where twenty families could look out the window at him. A few thought it amusing to call down joking remarks to him. One might have thought that he would surely stop it out of sheer embarrassment. Instead, he just grinned at them and did what he wanted to do—help his little wife. When she said one day that he ought to stop it because of these ribbings he said, "Oh they're just jealous because they haven't got the guts to do it themselves. But I haven't any inferiority complex. I don't have to strut or crow to establish my masculinity. I'm a father, aren't I?"

In later years this natural and unruffled young man grew up to be governor of California. People who must hold so tenaciously to the gestures of masculine superiority seldom attain any greatness. One observes and one guesses no deep and natural happiness. This man's wife, remembering what he withstood to save her strength and health has never ceased to worship the ground he walks on.

Now, I am not, by any means, suggesting that all men do the baby's wash in order to be happily married. It is just a case in point to show that one must put something in, something beyond the ordinary personal pride if necessary, in any given situation, to get up high enough for the grand prize of

true greatness or a truly fine marriage. You don't want to? You don't think it's necessary? All right, that's your affair. By the way, how is your marriage doing?

A man may rub his wife's head to soothe her, rub her back, get her breakfast on weekends and holidays, feed it to her in bed, carry her upstairs, put polish on her fingernails—these happen to be actually a few of the little things some of the truly great and famous men I know do for their wives. But one thing he must not do—and that is to let her miss doing even more than that for him. He must be served and his word must be regarded most of the time. His decisions usually must be the final ones. But he must romantically and periodically be willing to do many small services for his wife. It keeps both their emotions on an even keel and assures the permanence of their marriage. Not one of the husbands whose acts I have described is a divorced man. And come to think of it, the most fastidious people I know, male and female are either single or divorced—and that's the truth!

### OVERFASTIDIOUSNESS IN MARRIAGE

Don't, if you can avoid it, marry a woman who is too fussy, overparticular and old-maidish. It isn't you she wants—oh, heavens, no! A man (horrors, why did nature make them a necessity?) one must have to enjoy the social picture in the best and least difficult way. A man, to this type of persnickety mind is a brutish bundle of energy that she must outwit, mold to her wishes, train with patience and then, take on a leash in public, where he will, if she is successful, obey her slightest wish.

Try to recognize her before it is too late. Always she is dainty in gesture and clothing—though many fine women are dainty too. But this one overdoes it. Get her into conversation, talking about herself—it isn't difficult. If she has a list

of things she simply CAN'T STAND, then don't, if you value your freedom and peace of mind and the freedom and peace of your unborn children—don't marry her! If a woman has more than two things that she can't stand let her avoid them without your help. If she makes too many moues that mean "Disgusting!" "Beneath me!" that is just a good start toward a large vocabulary of demands that she will collect avidly as she goes along.

If you turn a deaf ear to me and marry her in spite of my warning, you will discover that as she finds out that you and life are more than she can bend to her will, she will take recourse in ill health as a final weapon. She will be a fragile, perfumed invalid and live with tinkling trays, velvet bed jackets, and a large appetite, because there isn't really anything the matter with her body.

A secretary I had was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was a lovely blonde, slim, chic, thoroughbred looking, quick, intelligent—and all but soulless, so absorbed was she in her own reactions to life, so completely selfish.

She was so overfastidious and had so many resistances to sights, smells, people, foods, colors, cigarettes, darkness, too much light, fast music and so on that she was really a very unhappy person. She had fastened on the idea that marriage would be a magic gate through which she would pass to happiness, forgetting that the happiness of marriage is largely what you take with you into it. She had two beaux, loved neither of them, because she was already in love with herself, but played one against the other cat-and-mouse fashion to see to the last detail, which one would give her the most of what she wanted. Finally she lost both of them for in delaying her decision they had a chance to get thoroughly fed up with her tiresome delicacies, which she thought so superior and fetching.

The last one escaped—I fancied I actually saw him slip away—one night when after a theater we were having a bite to eat in the corner drugstore. The attendant in white coat and apron took our orders. Hers was for scrambled eggs on toast. The waiter started away and she called him back. She looked up at him with affected winsomeness and said confidentially, "Cook mine in butter, will you?"

He nodded vaguely, then looked at her sharply, shrugged and went on. She called to him in a loud whisper, "Don't make them too dry, I like them very moist."

Her beau began to look unhappy as the waiter threw him a sympathetic glance. But she wasn't through, she leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees to watch the counter man cook the eggs. She said to him anxiously, "Are those eggs fresh?"

He stopped, put the eggs down, gritted his teeth, put his hands on his hips and glared at her. "I dunno," he said hoarsely, "I don't lay 'em. I just cook 'em. Do you want 'em or not?"

She rose sweetly and quietly as though the air were too coarse for her to breathe and said to her beau, "Are you going to permit that man to be so rude to me?"

As he looked down, his face reddening, she sailed out of the store, saying with a glassy smile, "I'll be waiting for you at the apartment."

When we had finished eating, we went out to the corner where the beau looked at his watch and asked me if I'd tell her that it was too late to come up as he had to rise early the next morning. So far as I know, she never heard from him again, lucky man! These small infringements upon the time, rights and convenience of others adds up to a greater source of irritation than a large calamity.

A clever husband will see that he isn't taken advantage of. However, that advice is hardly necessary. Very few men al-

low themselves to be imposed upon by women. But neither should he accept his mother's or his secretary's opinion of whether he is being imposed upon or not. Balances swing in first one direction and then another. If no one is watchfully commenting on the times the wife is carrying the heavier load, and several people are making remarks about what he does for her, he may, if he isn't careful, get sorry for himself.

One can't keep books with marriage every day. It is a private and personal complex of acts and reactions and necessities in which a photograph of some moment or phase would not give a true picture of the whole. That is why the comments of in-laws or the casual estimates of so-called best friends should be kept out as though they were something poisonous.

Amy and Josiah of the attic letters were fortunate in having friends and parents who took their estimate of marriage from the Bible and the marriage ceremony—"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"; "Forsaking all others cleave only unto her." One would never listen to the complaints of doting mothers-in-law if he had a truly Biblical idea of his marriage.

Amy had once quarreled with Josiah and had written her troubles to her mother, for in a letter from that sensible woman to Amy I read, "Unless your husband's acts are illegal or unbearable I do not think you should recite them even to me. He is your husband. You are one flesh now. You must settle your differences between you."

This acceptance of the married state as holy—and therefore every other human being must keep hands off—may have been a great help to the permanence of old-fashioned marriage.

The modern husband would do well to make this point very clear to his family if it should become necessary. And he should demand that his wife take the same stand. He will

have her on his side in this matter if he has created a firm belief in his wife's mind that he and she are indivisible partners, and that whatever their differences may be, they will be straightened out or fought out if necessary against the backdrop of their essential oneness. If each of them is plotting escape when a cloud arises, if each is gossiping cheaply of the others' faults to mothers and friends the foundation of their marriage is already disintegrating. So make a pact never to say to each other even in the hottest quarrel, "Well, then I'll get out!"

If both of you will swear to each other never to express such a thought, your most violent quarrels will blow over and may even bring you closer together. It is impossible to think one thing and to build something else. If you hope for permanence and talk cheap impermanence, what do you expect will happen?

In almost every marriage there should be children. The effect of the lives of two people is the creation of a third element which is usually their own children, though where there are no offspring, a baby can be adopted. In fact, it sweetens any household even with their own children to adopt a child.

People feel almost more obligation to stay by a contract they have taken coolly and deliberately than they do the ones that become theirs by biological accidents, which often are not planned and not wanted. The adopted child finds great pride in the fact that he was chosen. A harum-scarum, barren woman will, if she can be persuaded to adopt a child, turn into a fine woman. A fine mother, with a house full of youngsters can share her heart and home with an adopted baby thus extending the fortunate shelter that is hers and her children's to include another little soul.

While it is all very well to budget the expenses of children, all too often the deeper happiness of life can be figured out

of existence by the point of a lead pencil. Sometimes when we think we can't afford something that is good for us, we should look a little ahead and see that we can't afford not to. All of the beautiful values in marriage stem from the act of sharing. Taking children to her heart multiplies those values, and brings out the richer qualities in a woman.

Now, when a fairly bright woman has been put in the charming chains of domesticity and motherhood, your place, is to bring as much of the world to her as you possibly can. You can at least be as understanding of this situation as certain birds are. I've seen the male bird flutter over the "setting" female and carry on an animated conversation with her, apparently telling her all the news, beguiling her with song and entertaining her with a dance. All of which makes her feel important and helps to while away any tedium in her task.

The effect your children will have on your marriage is up to you. They can be an asset or a menace. If let alone, and not made an issue, they are simply a vast potential for good or evil. I know couples whose children brought them closer together and others whose offspring drove them to the divorce courts. There is no panacea for marriage other than planned, unselfish interest. The fact that a child is born is merely a factual claim on your affections and income for the rest of your life. Whatever it becomes beyond that is up to you to fashion.

If you let the new arrival be an escape for your wife's (by now) disillusionments, if you permit her to transfer her adoration from you to the infant, your child may prevent forever the return of romantic love between you and your wife. This can happen without your wife's announcing it to you. Perhaps she doesn't admit it even to herself.

But anyway, don't be too pleased when your wife continues to ignore you and your interests after the baby is four



to six months old. It may mean that you were not a satisfying object to concentrate her emotions upon. Your marriage can easily settle into a dutiful routine and while that may be convenient at many times, especially when your attention wanders elsewhere, the accumulating dullness can rob you of the richness you should have in your marriage.

Few women know what is happening to their emotions when motherhood comes as a new claim upon them, but you know, because I just told you, so if you permit the unbalance of too-prolonged absorption in the baby, you know what to expect. If you never forget to be the beau, the admiring lover, your wife can never slide from your oneness and romance into a perpetual maternity.

Somerset Maugham has said that a woman will turn from the worthiest man to a scamp who will make her laugh, even if he is so empty-headed that he has to sit on his hat to be funny. So, don't forget to be amusing. Together you can find your children amusing, absorbing, dramatic and fascinating. If either of you starts using the children as a substitute for expectations from each other, you are sliding out of love.

One way to prevent this slipping away from each other is for you to help her as much as possible with the baby or babies. If you stay together over the mutual task of bringing up your young, then you have no problem of estrangement to cope with when that job is finished.

All too many parents face each other as strangers or nearly so after the last child is grown and has left the nest. But for a couple who have worked out their romantic companionship well, this new life together, in which they are almost entirely dependent on themselves for interest and joy, will be but another page of their love story. How lonely is maturity without the tender companionship of one's mate! The dignity of the heartache of mature people is all too often lost in

the absurdity of the things they do to make up for their lost love. Middle-aged sirens and Lotharios are hard put to it to keep from looking a little silly. All of which is rendered unnecessary if they have tended the fires on the altar of their own homes and own mates. Just as a bank account grows dependably when through habit one keeps making small deposits, so companionship thrives and becomes strong when through habit one makes continual small deposits of love and thoughtfulness.

These small deposits in the permanence of your romance are those acts prompted by the decision to remain your wife's sweetheart, her lover. And as you continue to act the part of a lover, make her act the part of sweetheart. Don't let her subside into the role of listless wife. Be your own stage director.

Yours is the guiding hand, the decisive direction—or it should be. Let who will poke fun at permanent romance. It gives more joy to more people than any other single decision made by the human mind.

I remember talking to a woman in a hospital where I was doing a little social service work. This woman was the mother of ten in her early fifties. I was a young girl, trying to make conversation with her. I said lamely, "Ten children. They must have absorbed you completely. You and your husband must have had to be introduced to each other all over again when your children grew up and made their own lives."

She smiled contentedly and said, "Not at all. We made the decision early in our marriage not to let the children come first ever. I came first with him and he came first with me. We've stayed sweethearts and let the children live their own lives, though we've helped them all we could. My husband helped me with the children right along—we raised them together—and we're still together. You'll see him in a few

minutes. He comes to see me every day and brings me some little surprise, a verse he wrote—he's got a real talent for rhyming—or a flower, or some powder or something. I guess he babies me, but then, I baby him when I'm up and around. He keeps me on my toes all right."

Her lined and tired face was radiant when she saw him coming. He was smiling quite unself-consciously. This night he had brought a game to play with her—something with cards. And the thought struck me then that they had made a game of being married; they had put their wits into it; they had played their hands against failure, loss of love, the humdrum—and they had won!

Marriage is not so much a lottery as it is a formula that not every couple is willing to follow. Not every man is willing to take the trouble to bring his world home to interest his wife who is tied to domesticity and the care of children. But unless he is willing to be tied to a humdrum, empty, dispirited woman when the children are grown he'd better cherish her animation and feed it to keep it alive. Certain birds have sense enough to keep their mates' spirits up while they sit on the nest. They bring home bits of delicious things to eat. They sing, cavort, flatter and amuse the lady to while away the tedium of acquiring a family.

Devotion should be more than habit. There's a secret of real interest that each couple must find for themselves. Many devoted husbands are as dull as can be. Routine, even the best of it, holds within itself the danger of boredom. But the human heart is so constructed that sentiment and fun never become dull, no matter how routine they may be.

The part the father will play in the bringing up of children can be of incalculable benefit to them. Mother, no matter how brilliant, somehow can become an old story or "just mother." But father remains exciting to the last, nobody has ever discovered just why. So just his presence and interest

feeds a child's self-esteem. But when they do not have their father's attention or companionship they develop strange barriers to self-confidence.

A little boy, even a tiny one can say to himself, "I can't amount to much if my own father isn't interested in me. What I have to say can't be of any value because father, who is in touch with the outer world and therefore knows everything, doesn't think my remarks worth while."

No child uses these exact words, but they describe his feelings. When father doesn't give of himself with interest at home, the wife as well as the child is likely to develop unfortunate personality quirks and patterns subtle but deep-seated and therefore difficult to recognize. An exaggerated ego can be built up through sheer resistance to father neglect. And every friend, and all the family have to suffer for that!

So, father you're elected. And if you elect to fill your post, of which bread winning is only a part, you'll have a lot of unexpected benefits and dividends and keep on having them as long as you live.

## 10 *IT'S REALLY WORTH THE TROUBLE*

THERE'S SO MUCH FUN TO BE GOT OUT OF life—and wife. The laughs, the utter joy of accumulating experiences and stories that nobody else can possibly have together except a man and his wife! If every married couple kept a log of laughs—actually wrote down a sketchy account of all the amusing things that arise there would be pleasure in it for their own old age and for posterity—perhaps a play or a novel could be woven around the homely or extraordinary incidents that happen in any married life.

At the risk of being accused of shallow feeling I think it within the realm of hard truth to say that if married people would devote themselves to amusing each other, the permanence of the union would be assured. (This is not to encourage that utterly unnecessary pest on this planet, the practical joker for, again, in my opinion, he isn't amusing.)

The most intellectual people I know are the most amusing and the most amused. The smarter one is the more he enjoys sharing his thoughts and his life. As someone has said, "It isn't so much a question of living together as giving together that makes a happy marriage." It is almost impossible to give anything to anybody in a grim, glum grasp on life. But take fire with a sense of devotion, or bubble with good humor and no greater gift could you give a woman—and in the end, yourself. On the basis of suggestion which we all see exemplified in watching someone yawn, or laugh heartily, we know we will soon be following suit.

There is a statue of the monk Dom Perignon in Reims, right in the public square, and what do you think it is for—heroic deeds, the saving of souls? No, indeed. His statue is erected there for inventing or discovering the process by which bubbles are put into champagne! And why not? I am not a champagne enthusiast. I'm not keen about any sparkling wine, but I'm all for putting bubbles in our minds, manner and life in general. The light, lilt, color, grace, joy of things is so easy to generate between two people especially, if they both will cultivate that point of view.

Just as women dress for men, look for male approval of their appearance consciously or unconsciously (I'm not trying to start an argument. I hastily agree that they dress for women too on occasion) their personalities also become shaped by the habitual suggestion of their mates.

A personal experience comes to mind. I happen to be an enthusiastic, demonstrative sort of person. Right after I was married I would rush to the door when my husband came home in the evening and greet him effusively. He didn't respond. He hardly smiled. After a couple of weeks of this one-sided affection, I became very shy about showing any feeling at all.

One evening he came in and I greeted him politely but coolly as I thought he wanted me to do. He turned to me and asked, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Why nothing. On the contrary I think I'm doing fine. Pretty soon I'll be as cool as you are and everything will be lovely. I'm making headway."

He answered with some effort, "Well, I don't think I like you to be this way. Please go back to being as you were. I married you because you gave me something I didn't have, and now I'm killing it. So let's go back to your way and I'll do my part, awkwardly perhaps but sincerely, for that's the way I feel, I just haven't learned to express it."

Presently, he showed that he enjoyed my sense of festivity and he has since said that it was a new field of pleasure to him. Don't you think many people miss a great deal just because they haven't learned to express a little of the joy of life? Since we pay something for everything in life, usually more than we mean to pay, I have been called naive. "Pollyanna," etc., etc. I used to let that bother me until over a period of time my detractors have come around to my way of thinking and bring me their troubles to unravel! Things go by contrasts I guess. If you're cold, you want a hot water bottle. If you're miserable, you want the secret of serenity and joy. I don't mean that I have no troubles, that I have found a smiling, innocuous nirvana, but I have found a way of life and thinking that is both joy and strength, so my problems don't throw me and they usually melt away.

A large factor in that way of life is enthusiasm; the next most important item is EXPRESSIVENESS. Many a woman has gone to her grave, still hungry to hear the words that were in her husband's heart, even in his eyes, but that never reached his lips. There ought to be a special prison for such men, with a cunningly devised torture chamber. For one notices that when things are wrong those same husbands can be most expressive about them. Why do they suddenly become inarticulate when they should express approval? It's a shyness born of selfishness and the unwillingness to make the effort to find words for their nobler, pleasanter thoughts.

It's worth the trouble to become articulate, to give the pleasure to other people, especially your wife, of knowing they have pleased you. The return to you is pressed down and running over. It is bread cast on the waters of life and will return after many days.

Our gardener used to say that whenever he cast his bread on the waters, it always came back soggy, until he learned to toss it out with laughter and a real caring and hoping that it

would serve and serve well. It is not the gift so much as the manner of giving that brings us streams of returning love, gratitude and happiness. And what could be more satisfying than to manipulate that wonderful power you have for good—and realize the quick results.

Yes, some people will take advantage of you, once in a while. But what makes you think no one takes advantage of you now! Ha! You'd be a very surprised man if you knew all the large and small ways people take advantage of you in all your careful and conventional watchfulness and protection of your dignity.

It is safe to say that happy people are far healthier than unhappy ones. The cost of maintaining ill health for yourself or your wife and family is staggering. Why not try making your wife happier? Allergies may disappear, aches and pains be forgotten, color and energy reappear, old age be fended off, beauty stay. Naturally, I am not referring to such physical difficulties as must be met by science and surgery.

I firmly believe that if we could make people happier, they would find the way out of all their other difficulties eighty-five per cent of the time. The moment the lid of dolor or frustration, is lifted, precious energy is released. Now all you have to do is to direct that energy. I can hear you say, "Have YOU ever tried to direct my wife's energy?" Silly. I don't mean to tell her what to do necessarily. Direct her energies by making her happy in doing the things you want done. You always reward a dumb animal for doing his tricks correctly. Only a wife is ignored! Any investment in training your wife in the way she should go (from your point of view) is a profitable one. It's worth the trouble! And think of the money you save!

I'm always a little amazed by the casual assumption that if one remains single his life is simpler and troubles walk on the other side of the street. That's really very funny. The



difficulties of married life are a little more obvious, more objective. The agonies of being single are subjective, but sometimes all the more painful. What's the point in trying to keep away from problems? There is no place to hide on this planet—and there shouldn't be any place to hide anywhere. Why not grasp life with both hands and bend it to your will? You can, you know. You are a sovereign being, a sovereign mentality!

It has been said that an enemy from without is powerless against a man with no chinks in his own armor. It is always our own weaknesses and not the other fellow's strength that causes our downfall. It follows then that in solving any of our problems our critical attention and our plans for correction should concern ourselves only. For when we make well-rounded personalities, relaxed, flexible, good-humored people of ourselves, we will find that our path is miraculously leveled out before us. There's little point in wailing about our circumstances, our employers or our parents, our employees wives, or our husbands. If we ourselves are expressing in the highest and best way we can reach, we will discover the secret of the rest of life.

How often have you heard it said that people expect too much of marriage. That is a misstatement. It is impossible to expect too much of marriage. It is the most blessed state with unbelievable benefits in it for the getting—but they must be gotten, they do not come without a little effort. We do however, expect too much of the other person in marriage. If we should reverse that procedure and expect four times as much of ourselves than of our spouse we would find the proposition profitable.

Marriage is the highest opportunity for YOU, not for the other fellow to reach the best of himself. For the man or woman with the "gimmies" marriage will be nothing but a detour, probably a short one. We should never be disillusioned.

sioned by a partner's performance in the married state. Give it up as a bad job only if you yourself are willing to concede utter failure with no blame for the other person.

Remember the charming story of "The Thief of Bagdad," in which the gallant scallawag discovers that he can filch everything in the world—except HAPPINESS. That has to be earned! Neither can happiness be handed one on a platter, by that partner from whom we expect too much. The other person, NO OTHER PERSON, can deliver happiness to us intact, wrapped in cellophane and tied with roseate ribbon. Marriage is a mystical union, requiring agreement, a contract between two people. You take the equivalent of the happiness you want to the shrine of ONENESS and there receive by grace, the mystical gift of happiness.

All the daily habits that become pleasant memories, just the wonder of having another person in that nearness and caring builds as time goes on a cozy place in the world for you. Marriage gives us the gamut of satisfactions, grand, homely, tender and many other kinds. It is hard to tell which we will value more, the emotional peaks, or the daily quiet belonging—the peace, the charm and comfort. I think perhaps the tender belonging becomes in time to be the most precious of marriage's boons. It becomes a counter melody, a motif, heard under all the conflicting orchestrations of our tangled affairs.

To wake in the night and be aware of that other person whose life entwines with yours, to hear the quiet regular breath that means the precious life of your companion, to know that your hearts are one, your minds attuned and the years ahead to be trod hand in hand, to know that you are a unit in the great human family—this is to know one of the enchanting mysteries of life.

Any partnership means some restraint. In business with someone else can you go ahead, invest funds, begin expan-

sions, enjoy the fruits of the strength in two and claim it only for yourself? You wouldn't even expect to do so. But since most accomplishment of any kind is the work of two or more there is fairness in consideration of the other partner or partners.

It takes two to bring any truth or beauty in the world, the ancients used to say. The dual principle is everywhere. In beauty there must be one to have or express it and one to see it or know it. In truth there must be one to speak it and one to hear it. In fact some scientists say that there is no sound without an ear to hear it.

In the full flow of youth, the vigor with which two can climb their mountains of aspiration hastens the pulse of the beholder. In the quieter years one must admire the casual gentleness with which each regards the other's weakness. Whetted by the feel of each day's knowing, each person finds his three-fold nature and raises his mind, inspired, to the source of inspiration.

These things are possible to the single person, yes, but there are psychological and other values in marriage that cannot be known elsewhere. Whoever would turn the home and mating into mere institutions is lacking in knowledge of the reach of the human spirit that grows best two by two. Can't we have communal benefits in those matters which really need changing and leave the sanctity of the home, the mystic union of marriage, this boon and gift of God to erring mankind—leave these precious heritages protected? A society in which marriage is unfrocked would fast become an organization of brutes and throw the world back thousands of years.

Here and there on the earth there have been spurts forward and upward among certain groups of people. In the great mass movement of today which is at once the greatest opportunity and the greatest danger the human race has ever

faced, we can easily lose much that has cost us millions of years to achieve. We can let these reaches in the development of man sink down in the pull toward the leveling off of all men. We must put our strength on lifting all men by education and example and equal opportunity. With all our mistakes it is still the best way we know.

It is more complicated to maintain the marriage and home system than it would be to maintain a breeding farm with dormitories for homes, which is of course what contempt of home and marriage would quickly lead to. It is also more complicated to live in houses and wear clothes than it would be to return to the animal kingdom. But which do you feel is the destiny of the human race—to evolve on to greater triumphs over the animal or to sink back to the jungle or the beehive?

I can't see why it is necessary to tear up our civilization in order to embody some modern improvement in our social system. One doesn't burn up the kitchen every time somebody invents a labor-saving gadget. We could, if we wanted to, revolutionize our political acceptance without giving up home, marriage, religion and other marks of civilization. That is the way I feel it will be done after group favoritism has run its course and after the hysteria has subsided and people are ready and willing to be practical.

Pardon the outburst, but I can't help commenting on the popular move to discredit marriage, subtle and blatant at the same time. I would like to call your attention to the fact that the assault is going on, in case you haven't noticed it. Notice too that it is aided and abetted quite innocently by pessimists of all kinds. People who fall into parlor cynicism are playing right into the hands of those who would enjoy the collapse of our entire social structure. I would like to go on record with this observation. Keep it for a check-up in ten years.

If you care about your own marriage and what marriage itself means in our structure of living, will you do me a personal favor? Will you promise me, and get your wife to do likewise, that you will never let yourself be guilty of little wisecracks at the expense of marriage. It is bad taste. It hurts, not only your wife or your husband but your country and your way of life.

A very famous doctor in the West was the father of a large and extravagant family. He and his wife had started house-keeping in two furnished rooms while he was finishing medical school. Success did not come at once. The growing family kept pace with income. They poured their all into the rearing of their healthy, active, ambitious family. They grew a little tired in the process. Father had always wanted to be an artist, his early efforts showed a great deal of talent but in late years he had had little time to devote to it. There was always some demand from the family to keep his nose to the grindstone. I went with them to a good college to watch their youngest son graduate with honors. He was the last to need the money for education. The eldest son was his father's assistant. I watched these two parents during the graduation exercises. I saw the pride in their eyes, the little lift of their heads as their son was called up for special honors time after time. I was glad they were so happy for they really looked a little tired. Presently the father turned to me and reading my thoughts he whispered, "It was worth it, all the years of effort and trial, all the worry and work—but it was grand too. He was a great boy, so happy, so full of courage—now we begin to get our dividends, to see him a success in what he does."

There is a very special quality in the happiness of the father who sees his son succeed.

I've never heard a parent say, "It wasn't worth it." Even

when the child isn't a great success, perhaps a failure, there are usually bonds of accord that make it "worth it."

There was a lad in our town who never made good at anything. He couldn't seem to stick at any study or at any job. He was disobedient, lazy, never finished anything and was utterly unreliable in any task however small. Everybody said he'd break his parents' hearts. They did worry a great deal about him. Yet they always felt he might come out all right because he was really a very engaging personality. Being smart enough to use his charm on people, he'd have to see one day that there were other qualities he could use to better advantage, at least to augment his delightful personality.

The father's health failed. It became necessary for him to live close to nature to regain his health. The son who had been a selfish ne'er-do-well was the one who volunteered to go with his father and look after him. His devotion to his father's welfare was beautiful. It was the one job he ever stuck at.

They lived in a little mountain shack and the son had to carry their provisions up a long steep trail. The occupants of other shacks along the route used to ask him to bring them supplies when he went to town. He enjoyed their appreciation. He came to like being of service. In the wild it is easy to see how meaningful a helping hand can be. With helpfulness as an ideal he bought a pack mule and started a crude delivery service in the mountains. Then he carried a few extra items he thought the occupants of the mountain houses might require. He sold them the extra items and delivered the things they had asked him to get in the town far below. From the store on the mule's back he had within three years a fleet of delivery trucks serving a much greater region. People liked him and saved their patronage for him. His father recovered strength enough to watch accounts at their little office. This man today is the head of a large chain

of stores—and that is the way he began. The old gentleman, so long as he lived was happy in knowing that his boy had been willing to go to a wilderness to help him. And even if the son had never discovered a business of serving people, he would still have been a success as a human being. Do you think the father thought it was worth the trouble?

Then there was a butterfly wife, who really was a great trial to her husband. She was a poor housekeeper, untidy, and loved to go, go, go. The poor man was frantic at times. She seemed to have no stamina. He often wished he had got to know her better before he married her—but her continual “whirl” enchanted him during their courtship. She was like a twinkling star, and marrying her was the culmination of his greatest desire. Then, he bogged down in all her inefficiencies.

There came a day when he was accused of some business irregularity, and was in a very serious spot. The trial dragged on and on. Immediately, his distracting little butterfly wife rallied to his side. Her cheerfulness sustained him. Her complete belief that life must always have a happy ending, that virtue triumphed and innocence was always yielded the palm was the one gleam of light in the poor man's life. She was a fiery little defender. After a five-year battle for him, she was instrumental in getting him acquitted. In those years she had learned the value of time and money and had become more orderly as a consequence. When they resumed their married life together, he was often ashamed, he told me, that he had entertained thoughts so critical of her that he had actually wanted to get away entirely. Then, under fire, he found out her mettle. Whatever faults she may have had remaining, I assure you he overlooked gladly. She was worth the trouble.

Often, one hears a comment made behind the back of a

couple, "How in the world can she put up with him (or her, as the case may be)?"

Sometimes, the value of a certain type of personality in our lives is greater than a casual observer can detect. We certainly should never let outside opinion or any idle remarks sway us from our own valuation of a partner. Sometimes, the world can't see the charm of the partner we have chosen, so let the world wag its tongue and take the one that fills your heart and brings you solace and sweetness.

Years ago, we had a heavy, homely housemaid. She had a lazy, good-looking husband whom she supported almost entirely. We and everyone who wished her well were always incensed over the way he took advantage of her. But she couldn't be persuaded to give him up. One day, when one of the family was trying to convince her of his worthlessness, she turned in her tracks and took up her position.

"Now tell me," she said, "do you think I'm pretty?"

My mother had to admit that she wasn't, but that she had a fine character.

The maid brushed such considerations aside. "Do you think I'm glamorous?" she pressed. The answer had to be "no." "Do you think I'm fascinating?"

"No," my mother said, "but you are a pleasant person to have around. After one knows you—."

"Well, he thinks I'm pretty. He thinks I'm glamorous, and he thinks I'm fascinating—at least he says so—and it sounds agreeable to my ears. Now, go away and let me alone."

This maid worked and handed her money over to her voluble and appreciative husband for years. Then came a time when she could no longer work—and surprise, surprise—he went to work and supported her and does so to this day! Which proves a number of things which are as obvious to you as to anyone else. Apparently, the man started out with only the idea to impose, but the woman's cheerfulness and



responsiveness and loyalty, BORN OF HIS APPRECIATIVE ATTITUDE, gradually won his real affection—and he felt a sense of obligation finally.

Observation bears out the truth that it always is worth the trouble for a married couple to measure the worth of their marriage only by the yardstick of their own satisfaction and desires and to pay absolutely no attention to what the neighbors think.

I knew a couple in my childhood who quarreled continuously. At times, it was a dramatic conjecture to try to decide which would kill the other. Somebody suggested that they get a divorce and was insulted by both of them for his pains. Wild horses couldn't have dragged them apart but neither of them gave up trying to force the other into his way of thinking.

A very homely woman is sometimes an extremely valuable wife. Superficial externals are not a gauge of living year after year with the same person. "What does he see in her?" is a familiar remark to all of us. Haven't you said it sometimes yourself? He must have seen something or he wouldn't have married her and unless he lets himself be talked out of it he will probably always see it.

I remember a client of mine from California telling me of a talk she had with her father, a minister, who was advising her about her marriage. He was saying that some modesty and a little mystery were a good thing to keep interest burning.

"Look at your mother and me," he said. "After twenty-four years of living together I am keenly aware of her when she enters the room and my heart always beats just a tiny bit faster when I see her."

That was a real tribute to a woman's charm I thought and then I decided to inquire. I asked the mother just how she felt about her husband after twenty-four years and she re-

plied, "Our marriage is very fresh. It is little different from the earlier years. And I think the credit is due my husband. He has never put aside as unimportant little courtesies to me and he has always shielded me from the coarse in any way. He always wears a dressing gown or some garment in my presence. He treats me as though he were convinced that I am a lady who was entrusted to him, and that he must live up to that trust. He has built this up in his mind until I couldn't possibly let him down. He has practically compelled me to be fastidious and as charming as I can be, and he has convinced himself of that truth. It has been good for our marriage, good for him for he is a happy man, and it has done simply wonders for me. When I compare him with other husbands I feel myself to be the luckiest woman in the world."

This charming romance is being lived by an austere-looking minister and his conventional appearing wife. Few people ever discover that here is a great love story and a very successful, very much alive marriage. The right reverend has proved that it's worth the trouble!

The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker all contribute their quota of happy marriages. Each one has his own idea of what constitutes the best effect and how it can be attained and maintained. But they all agree on one thing—a little modesty is a good thing. All the children of nature I once knew are now divorced. All who have kept a little mystery, who have thought it worth while to create an atmosphere of charm and civilized consideration and kept to that pattern are still married—to each other. I suppose it's like any other habitual devotion—if you approach it with just a trifle of preparation and beauty, the importance is heightened. When any old thing goes—well, that's just it—it usually goes.

I heard a young man say just the other day, "If folks would

spend as much time trying to figure out how to stay married instead of worrying how they can get out of the contract into greener pastures they'd be a heap sight happier."

If they'd figure a little on how to get more out of their marriages instead of kicking over what they think they didn't get, they might find treasures that would surprise themselves.

But never lose sight of the fact that a woman is a woman, not a man. We get so accustomed to thinking of them these days as co-workers, fellow politicians shoulder to shoulder with men in all that they do. Don't forget that your wife has emotional facets that you can't even understand, that she has mental processes that it is just as well you don't comprehend. The feminine mind and approach is breathtaking to a good plain masculine thinker. He just doesn't get it. The queer mixture of strength and weakness. The tenacity on the one hand and the seeming irresponsibility on the other befuddle most men at times. A woman will hang on to an idea that seems to a male quite unnecessary.

It would be greatly to your profit if you would observe carefully what her pet ideas and trends are and then permit her to persuade you or agree with her on the most vital one. But don't give in on it at once. Sit the dear creature down in a chair and ask her to explain her stand to you. She will have to articulate her reasons for maintaining such an idea and may not really like them when she hears them explained. Above all you do, when you try this, don't be sarcastic, critical or opposing while she is talking, for if you do she will practically be compelled to stick to her stand. Get over on her side and sympathetically discuss the matter from her point of view. Without opposition or criticism, she will, nine times out of ten, see the fallacy (if any) herself and love you for helping her work it out. If she doesn't melt at once, use a little patience. She will be impressed and pleased by your method.

On a honeymoon trip to Bermuda an attractive young couple, deliriously happy were, just the same, trying to work out their adjustment to each other, even as you and I. I had a chance to tell the handsome husband the point we have just discussed. He told me later that by the time they had returned home some six weeks later, he had changed her from a belligerent, on-the-defensive, brittle young woman, into a relaxed open-minded, fair-minded wife. You can have all this and heaven too—if you'll remember that you are dealing with the malleable human heart and mind and not with stone that you must chisel with sharp instruments and sharper blows. It's simple. Attack brings out defense. Only a few very knowing successful husbands can resist "attacking" the wife's ideas.

If you are married to a "woman with a plan" and she is pushing you around you are not necessarily henpecked, you are just letting her use better psychology than you use. A wife isn't like an automatic furnace for which you simply set the control and go on about your selfish interests while she presumably runs on a thermostat, the action of which you have predetermined. The only way you can train a wife, a seal or a hunting dog is to be kind, sympathetic and consistent.

Also, keep your wife busy figuring out your moods, for this is a good use of one of her best talents. There is a lot of secret fun for you in watching your wife get around you. Don't make it too hard for her. Everybody likes to succeed, even your wife. If she gets discouraged she will— 1) Become interested elsewhere. 2) Stop trying to please you. 3) Stop caring what you do or think.

It isn't lack of brains that makes a man a bad husband. It's lack of application of his brains to the problem in hand—i.e. his wife.

There isn't much to managing a wife, but the little that is

required is necessary with a capital N. Don't threaten her ever. That is the fastest way to lose her. Don't ever say "I'll leave you if you do so-and-so again."

Even as a joke that isn't very funny to her. Her marriage must be a firm, immovable object in her universe if you want to get the best out of her. Of course, if you prefer the fun of watching her flirt to hold you and taking her time and substance with all the desperate and superficial aspects of an uncertain relationship, why go right ahead. But that isn't the way you can get the most out of her.

A plant or an animal has to be in a favorable, fertile, fortunate position before it grows to its finest, handsomest and most valuable self. How can you expect your wife to be anything but shoddy and at half-mast if she lives in emotional uncertainty, fear of tempers, accusations and/or criticisms and finds it difficult, if not impossible, to please you?

Take a nervous, irritable, superficial woman and make her contented and happy and before you know it, you will have given nourishment to the finer aspects of her nature and her nobility and capacity for service and unselfishness will surprise you.

A career woman I know has always despised housework and cooking. She has always definitely refused to do it. She married a second time about two years ago. Now to the surprise and amusement of all her friends she is an enthusiastic cook and adores housekeeping. Why? Because her husband got her breakfast the first morning of their life at home, and asked her to get it the next morning. He praised her efforts, made it fun for her to have things nice and to prepare delicious food.

Nothing is more fun than to make something for the person whose enthusiasm dramatizes your effort. This woman's daughter by a former marriage has laughingly said, "Mother, at the table now, acts like a prima donna taking bows. It

must be a little funny to Daddy, but it is a pleasure to fix things for him. He enjoys it so. He's got Mother thinking she's the best cook on earth! And because he's made her think so she's looking up all manner of exotic recipes old and new. Believe me, we eat sumptuously at our house."

I observed that part of his technique was to go straight to the kitchen when he came in the house and make a little fuss of appreciation there, first for her and second for the way the dinner was progressing. Then he'd say, "Can you leave this a minute to come see the puppy (or to have a cocktail)" or to see what he had brought home. In other words he never let her feel like a slavey.

The point I have been emphasizing is that a man is by nature strongly enough situated to make him the leader in his domestic relations. But only a small percentage of men realize that this is so and some of those who realize it do not use their knowledge to the best advantage.

Many of the frictions in marriage are born of the man's inferiority feelings, which I have just pointed out, are almost totally unnecessary. Any man could more swiftly solve his domestic problems, if any, if he would just get off the defensive, a very second-rate position in which to be anyway. Relieved of the necessity to aggrandize himself or to strut, mentally or otherwise, he could use his extremely good mind on any issue at hand. He can so richly afford to be the courtier, the adoring husband. It costs him nothing. And if he has a calm, proper estimate of himself, he couldn't possibly overdo it. Always, however, he must remember that he should also be a demanding husband.

Courtesies to a woman are almost always those of serving her in some way—carrying her burdens, holding her coat, seating her at table, etc., etc. With an inferiority complex, he could easily find himself under a pressure to put this same

woman under heel in other ways. And then the trouble begins.

With a completely relaxed, honest view of himself as a richly endowed male, he can afford to be the picturesque lover, husband, slave or whatever, without its costing him anything in his own estimation or in worldly prestige. (This last sentence should be in red letters where every man could read it.)

It is no secret that the women in a man's life pay dearly for his estimate of himself, particularly if it is one of inferiority. For he cannot help using these women to build himself up. The resulting cruelty, domineering and sarcasm winterkill romance. If he has a proper estimate of himself he can cope not only with the meek, little wife who should be brought out, but also with the spiderlike female who kills her mate if left to her own devices.

Another thread that will weave itself into a strong rope to tow a marriage through rough waters and draw it into a blissful bay is laughter. Tell your wife the funny things that happen, tell her the jokes you hear. Gather amusing expressions and have one or two funny secrets between you about yourselves or some one else, things that will always bring your eyes together with dancing mutual understanding in them.

Catch your wife's eyes several times an evening or day as though to say "We are thinking the same thing, aren't we?" If you will keep your wife rooting for you, thinking with you, at one with you and your interests, you will be staggered one day at the tremendous advantage all that loyalty will bring to you.

You will be delighted by the romance of your own life. And what is more, all this profit and blessing will extend down through many years. And if you have built your romance well, it will grow sweeter with time.

A woman who is loved is her fullest self. She blossoms and glows and beams like a light in alabaster. Love coaxes poetry from a barren soul. Love conjures melodies from days fastened like harp strings from then to now. Love illumines the mind and the flesh and turns the awkward gait to grace. Love your wife if you want her at her best. Love your wife to be at your best yourself.

And try to love with gaiety and color. Sombre sex is a snare of the senses. But touch it with the rainbow hues of remembrance, small, bright gifts, laughter and affection, sweet words and shared emotion, and the magic of it will creep into your whole life.

For your wife isn't "that woman you married sitting across the room." She is a part of you. What you do for her you do for yourself. Your partnership is complete or it is a drag, one of the two. Don't imagine that your wife is there just to perform certain functions in your life. If this is all you give her to do, you will find those services the most expensive you ever bargained for—and got cheated.

Take her for your own, together build up devotions and you will find it ever easier for her to shine brilliantly in company, however gentle or bright her light may be.

*The End*



































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